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NOTES OF THE WEEK

THE failure of the three-Power Naval Conference at Geneva has had the result prophesied of it. America is to proceed at once with a considerable programme of cruiser building. It is a waste of time to blame America for this unpromising reply to the British Government's recent cruiser "cut": that cut, excellent both as a gesture and as a practical piece of economy, was but a consolation prize for the Geneva failure. The failure itself has yet to be remedied. The most significant passage for this country in Mr. Coolidge's Message is that in which he says: "There [at Geneva] we were granted much co-operation by Japan, but we were unable to come to an agreement with Great Britain." Agreement has got to be reached. The alternative is obvious. We have heard enough about the idea of competition being "unthinkable." Everyone is thinking about it.

Elsewhere our Geneva correspondent sums up the Anglo-Russian situation to date. One thing the Russians have shown at Geneva above others is their anxiousness to re-establish contact with Great Britain. M. Litvinoff was punctilious in his approach to Sir Austen Chamberlain and seems to have been genuinely pleased with the somewhat negative result of his interview. It may be taken as certain that, despite the lack of surface encouragement accorded the Russians on this occasion by the Foreign Office, the discussions there begun will not be dropped. There is a definite move on both sides towards *rapprochement*—on this side from that most hopeful and unsentimental of all quarters, the City. When the City moves, it means business. Of the two difficulties in the way, debts and propaganda, the Russians are likely on the first to be able to make a satisfactory offer and are extremely anxious to do so in order to secure the loans of which they are so urgently in need; the second is less simple, but not insuperable. We look for a resumption of negotiations in the spring, and all realists will be

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glad of it. Those who oppose it are kicking against the pricks of history.

The postponed coal debate was as quiet as the incidents which caused its postponement were noisy. Nor was it much more effective. There was little evidence on either side of an attempt to get to grips with very pressing realities. The Prime Minister's reason for not speaking at the abortive debate was peculiar. Why place the duty of concluding for the Government in the hands of a Minister whose Department is about to be wound up as unnecessary? Sir Philip Cunliffe Lister showed that the Government are doing something and are prepared to do something, and that trade in coal is better than it was two years ago. Unhappily, both owners and men are worse off, despite the paper improvement. Both sides are hopefully putting plasters on a cancer. Mr. Lloyd George was right. "Everybody knows that the thing is not being grappled with at all."

It has got to be grappled with, and the men to do it are the practical men. When Sir Alfred Mond, Mr. Vernon Hartshorn and others with industrial experience got up, the debate took a turn for the better. Nothing new was said but some sound old truths were repeated. The numbers employed in the industry must be reduced; drastic reorganization is essential; the opportunities afforded by science must be energetically applied. Pessimism will always justify itself in the end if accompanied by inaction. There is no good cause for despair. Within a few years science will probably transform the industry. "We are really," said Mr. Frank Hodges at Newcastle the other night, "on the threshold of a new era. We are beyond the experimental stage in obtaining oil from coal." This is taking a new and welcome kind of coals to Newcastle, but it can have had little present comfort for the unemployed miners of the district. The years between have to be filled and our export trade rehabilitated.

There will doubtless be a great deal of opposition to the issue of Premium Bonds in this country if the proposal, now tentatively put forward, reaches the stage at which there is a possibility of the Government adopting it. Twenty years ago the idea would have been unthinkable; now, we imagine, the Chancellor of the Exchequer will think very hard about it. We hope both he and the Government will say "Yes." The scheme has many things to recommend it. By putting the proceeds to the conversion of debt it would provide the means for effecting one of those large-scale economies which alone can make any real difference to taxation, and that in itself is an extremely formidable argument in its favour. It will be called an incitement to gambling, but it is a gamble on which the gambler cannot lose. He gets his money back, with interest, anyhow. Moreover, it is equally an incitement to saving, and few will deny the usefulness of that. A man will invest small sums, with the chance of a large prize, which otherwise he would be tempted to squander. It is surely preferable that he should do this than risk his spare cash on horses or greyhounds. As for the moral issue, a Government that derives revenue from betting and recog-

nizes the "tote" cannot take its stand against the proposal on ethical grounds without risking a charge of hypocrisy.

At the time of writing the Polish-Lithuanian dispute is being considered by the League Council. The prospect at the moment is that a compromise will be arrived at, whereby Lithuania will agree to end the "state of war" with Poland in return for economic and other concessions from the Poles. A League Commission is likely to be appointed to deal with the schools and minorities dispute. No compromise settlement of this nature can be a permanent one, for it leaves the essential Vilna issue in the air. Later on there will probably be further consideration of the scheme to create an autonomous canton of Vilna under Lithuanian sovereignty, on the condition that Lithuania and Poland enter into a Customs Union, and set up a joint defensive and foreign policy arrangement. The Poles favour this, and so, apparently, does the Lithuanian Opposition. Russia is naturally opposed to the suggestion, not wishing to see the creation of what, from her point of view, would be a greater Poland on her borders.

The Vilna muddle and the belated attempts at Geneva to arrive at a compromise settlement demonstrate, if such demonstration were needed, the fundamental danger of the policy of drift in which the Powers have indulged from the time of the Polish *coup* at Vilna. The original error was the tame acceptance by the Ambassadors' Council of this *coup*. Since then matters have gone from bad to worse, especially since the Valdernarus regime achieved power. M. Valdernarus is "difficult"; it is to be hoped that the atmosphere of Geneva will cause him to modify his attitude. One thing is certain: that whatever the temporary settlement arrived at in Geneva, a final and permanent settlement will not be reached without a frank attempt on the part of the League to face this particular problem as but a prelude to the larger problem of a revision of existing frontiers.

It would be unwise to expect too rapid a result, but it is a welcome sign that M. Briand has offered the olive branch to Signor Mussolini. Growing tension between France and Italy over Mediterranean and Balkan questions—leading, as it has done, to pact and counter-pact—has constituted one of the worst threats to European peace. The French are now willing to discuss with Signor Mussolini the problem of Italy's needs and aspirations, on condition that Italy ceases her policy of pin-pricks against France and renounces her policy of Balkan expansionism. If Signor Mussolini will meet M. Briand half-way there is no reason why a basis for negotiation should not be found. Yugoslavia, relieved of the nightmare of encirclement by Italy, would be in a position to get back to normal relations with that country; Italy, once her larger problem had been composed, would then find no difficulty in coming to a friendly settlement with Yugoslavia on the Adriatic question. There is some talk of Sir Austen Chamberlain being called in as mediator. This might provide British diplomacy with its chance.

Part II of the League of Nations' Report on the White Slave Traffic will be available to the public in about a fortnight's time. The method of investigation employed by the League Commissioners—that of posing themselves as traffickers—enabled them to penetrate the depths of the international underworld. Their information is, therefore, first-hand. The conclusion generally reached as a result of the League investigation is that the system of licensed houses obtaining in most Continental countries creates the greater part of the demand upon which the white slave traffic thrives. Here is justification of their abolition in England. South America and Egypt appear to be the chief markets of the traffickers, and France, Poland and Rumania the principal sources of supply. England comes out of the investigation fairly well, and this is attributed very largely to British laws, which make the existence of the *souteneur* almost impossible in this country. The League of Nations has rendered a service to humanity by its investigation.

The Labour Party's statement on Mr. MacDonald's health is not as reassuring as it is no doubt meant to be. "The exacting demands of Parliamentary duties, his numerous public speaking engagements . . . and the necessity for his carrying on journalistic work" are a "constant drain on his vitality"; but his colleagues are "only too anxious to conserve his energies," and at their request he has agreed to devote Parliamentary recesses to "rest and recuperation." "We believe," the statement goes on, "that Mr. MacDonald's advisers are satisfied that if this course is rigidly adhered to, there is little danger," etc., etc. This is nothing if not cautious. It provides but meagre justification for the subsequent complaint about "totally unwarranted newspaper speculations." Mr. MacDonald is Leader of the Opposition. His health is known and admitted to be unsatisfactory. This is the legitimate concern of the newspapers and the public, and they are warrantably anxious to discuss it.

The statement issued by Mr. Lloyd George regarding his political fund does not carry the controversy much further. Nobody accused him of spending the money on himself. As for his revelations regarding his earnings as a journalist, these are very interesting but nothing to do with the subject. Mr. Lloyd George has thrown the beam of an engaging candour on a number of irrelevant subjects, and left the one thing on which illumination was sought carefully shrouded in darkness. Would he have us believe he did not know that honours were sold under his regime? In that case, the Prime Minister of the day was ignorant of a fact with which everyone else in the country was conversant.

The Australian dock strike has been settled. That is to say, Judge Beeby has made an interim award for three months, and the management committee of the Waterside Workers' Federation has advised the members of that organization that they must abide by his decision. The committee has also accepted Judge Beeby's offer to deal with the question of one or two shifts, known

in Australia as "pick-ups." This question is one on which both sides have strong opinions, and the representative of the shipowners asked for time for consideration of the award; but Judge Beeby very justly held that, in moments of grave emergency, the Court must act, without entering into discussion of nice issues. We understand that the majority of British and continental shipowners have accepted the award, and that by the time these words are in print the dispute will be settled, temporarily at least. In shipping circles in London there is some resentment: it is felt that the question of "pick-ups" should have been discussed in the Court. But to us it seems that Judge Beeby was perfectly right in taking action which ends the stagnation of shipping, even though a subsidiary question is left over for future decision.

Waterloo Bridge is in fresh danger. The "expert Committee" appointed by the Government to examine the proposal of Lord Lee's Commission for a road-and-rail bridge at Charing Cross has apparently decided that the scheme is impracticable, both financially and from an engineering point of view, and is now said to be considering plans for a new six-line structure in place of Rennie's masterpiece. The long battle for the bridge which this REVIEW has fought in company with everyone who cares for the beauty and reputation of London must not be allowed to end in defeat just when victory was in sight. There is still plenty of time. The "experts" (blessed word!—what were the Lee Commissioners and the witnesses they examined but "experts"?) do not report until the spring. One very practical consideration will be likely to weigh with the L.C.C.—who, if simply a question of aesthetics were involved, would prefer to proceed straightway to the destruction of the bridge—and that is the risk that if they do so they may lose the Government subsidy towards a new bridge at Charing Cross. That bridge will have to be built soon, whatever decision is made in the spring. The L.C.C. will find also that it has to reckon with public opinion, lulled into a sense of security since the report of the Commission, favouring the retention of the Bridge, was issued, but ready to take arms again in case of need.

There is now hope of reprieve for another threatened London building. The efforts of the Foundling Estate Protection Association, which have not been relaxed since the scheme for moving Covent Garden Market to the Foundling site was defeated, have brought the campaign for the Foundling Hospital to a stage where there is really a possibility that the building will be saved from demolition. The proposal put forward some time ago, and strongly supported in these columns, that the Hospital should be converted to the use of a resident college for overseas students of London University has caught on, and an appeal is shortly to be launched. The proposal has everything to commend it. The University will gain immeasurably by the enrichment of its communal life that a resident college will bring; Bloomsbury and London as a whole will benefit by the permanent retention of a dignified historical monument, put to worthy use.

GREAT BRITAIN AND AMERICA

THE warmest admirer in this country of America and her national institutions cannot honestly extend his admiration to President Coolidge's last Message to Congress. It contains many things which, while commendable in the thoughts of a patriot, sound like boastfulness when spoken so loudly, and there is something in the manner that grates on the least sensitive nerves. But the manner of a speech may well depend on circumstances which are unknown to us at this distance, and we shall be wise to concentrate attention on the substance. In substance the Message changes nothing and makes no new declaration of policy. The President says, truly enough, that the United States have important interests at sea which need an adequate navy to defend; that his Government, while repudiating the idea of competitive armaments, needs cruisers, and plenty of them; that it neither accelerates nor retards its programme of construction, except in accordance with the terms of a treaty that it has concluded.

These sentiments are commonplaces that would adorn any statement about any navy in the world, and when the head of a great Power that could beggar the rest of the world if it took to building competitively repeats them so proudly, one remembers how the counsel of Mrs. Bardell in 'Pickwick' protested that neither he nor his clients nor justice was to be intimidated by the threats or cajoled by the wiles of the wicked defendant. We admit to being the defendants in this particular case, and, while we protest our innocence, are sincerely anxious that it shall not be any additional ground of offence. Such speeches are to be taken good-humouredly—as they are meant—by all but the fools who want to interpret them in an offensive sense, and the fullest allowance must be made for the embarrassments of a President who has both to please the Big Navy Party and to yield nothing of substance to it. America is going to build more cruisers, but not more than she would have built anyhow, with or without agreement at the Geneva Conference. But although it is wise to be indulgent to faults in the form of these official declarations of policy, these faults have their dangers to peaceful and friendly relations. It is quite evident that our own advocacy at Geneva, innocent though it was in intention, has given offence; else President Coolidge would not speak as he does of the necessity of proving that "propaganda will not cause us to change our course." He is obviously disappointed at the turn that the negotiations took at Geneva, and disposed to lay the blame on us. That fact we must take very seriously to heart.

The greatest danger to permanent peace between our two countries is this talk about war between us being "unthinkable." So was war between us and Germany twenty years before it came. An "unthinkable" war is a war which no one takes any trouble to defeat by the safeguards seen to be so necessary in the case of wars which are clearly envisaged among the possibilities of politics. The mere fact that there is no subject of political dispute between us and the United States increases the danger, for in the

absence of definite political disagreements peace and war come to be dependent on the moods and subtle changes of popular psychology. So it was with Germany, and so it might be with the United States. Meaningless as Anglo-American rivalry in naval armaments might be, expressed in political terms, it is quite capable of leading to political estrangement and even to war, criminal though that would be in all or any circumstances. It is not enough, therefore, that when a Message like President Coolidge's is published we should be good-humouredly tolerant and content ourselves with reasserting our former contentions without change, nor yet that we should abstain from entering upon a contest of competitive armaments at sea. Where there is cause of friction between two countries, it should be treated at once, or, sooner or later, it will do mischief. The bare idea of serious quarrel between our two countries is revolting to common sense, but it must not be dismissed merely because it is painful.

The English case as presented at Geneva was almost unanswerable in its strength, but it is quite clear that it injured more important interests than it served. A few light cruisers more or less make very little difference to the safety of this country, but the general disposition of the United States towards our naval power might make all the difference between a sense of security, in time of danger, and of weakness. Clearly we made mistakes at Geneva. We ought to have discussed the problems beforehand with America, and the excuse that America's invitation to a conference came unexpectedly, and that there was no time to concert a common policy, will not do. After all, there is a British Ambassador in Washington and an American here, and the problems of naval power do not appear suddenly out of nothing, but are among the difficulties with which diplomacy should continuously be dealing. The truth is that our Foreign Office has been giving too much attention to the Continent of Europe, and too little to the cultivation of friendship between us and America, which is, after all, the master-key to the world's peace. The result was that when the invitation to Geneva came it was left to the Admiralty to settle our policy. But the Admiralty's point of view is necessarily a departmental one. It thinks solely in terms of ships and guns, not of all those broad considerations of policy with which a provident Foreign Office is concerned. It proved its case and had its way, and in so doing exposed to serious risk both our sea-power in time of danger, and our diplomacy, which depends for its permanent effectiveness on the firm friendship of America. Our policy was departmental, not national, and it has been well said that of all forms of government, government by departments is the worst and the most dangerous.

Provided that there is warm friendship between the two countries, and a certain habit of co-operation in international problems, a few cruisers are neither here nor there. Indeed, if America chooses to spend larger sums on her navy than we can comfortably afford, we ought rather to be pleased. It is a departmental view that our navy should be at least equal to that of America, and on a perfectly cool and dispassionate consideration of our national interest, the more she builds the

more we ought to be pleased, for the excess places at the service of our common interests in time of danger an increase of sea-power for which someone else has paid. That, we say, is the realistic and practical view. The important thing is not that America should not spend more than we do, but that the interests which both our navies are likely to be called on to support should be interests that we both have in common.

It is for that reason that we welcome the suggestions that have been made for an Atlantic Agreement between the two countries. The motive for building cruisers is to protect our commerce on the high seas in time of war, and it is undeniable that the danger from this cause to an island country like ours must be much greater than it is to a sub-continent, like America, which is all but self-supporting. Surely, then, the rational policy for this country is not to quarrel about the relative numbers of cruisers that we should maintain, but to remove the possibility of either of us wanting cruisers as a protection against the other. If we can do that, the stronger America is at sea the more secure we shall feel. If, in addition, we can agree to establish a rule which makes our commerce at sea safe from molestation, and to make common cause against anyone who infringes that rule, our two navies are, for all practical purposes, one.

The suggestion is that such an agreement should be made in the first instance in the North Atlantic, and that the two countries should jointly lay down the rule that no belligerent shall molest the legitimate non-contraband operations of commerce in that region. Such a rule, if it could be made operative, would add enormously to the effective naval power at the service of commerce for its protection in time of war. We do not say that this is the only sort of agreement that could be made, or that there are not serious practical difficulties in its conclusion. But we do put it forward as an example of the national and realistic approach to the problem of national security and international peace.

THE CASE OF THE EMERITI

"WHEN I retire"—how often does the man in full pressure of work say that to himself. He keeps this haven ever before him. Then he will have time to do everything, pursue his favourite hobby all day and, if he likes, all night; not, as now, snatch an hour for it when he can. He thinks of the joy of sitting down to his book or his chess with no work to go back to. Thinking benignantly of his old pals still grinding, how pleasantly he will hum 'Suave Mari.' And when he does retire and freedom comes, does he find the earthly paradise he counted on? He wishes he were back at work and does think of his friends still in the office—with envy. Some no doubt, like Charles Lamb, can to their very depths enjoy their freedom. But to many more leisure proves an illusion, not least to the man who retires voluntarily—whose leisure is not enforced. Stories of the self-emancipated worker's disappointment are common enough. Everybody has come across disillusioned men of this category.

Theirs is not the case of the Emeriti. The Emeriti are they who, having served their time, have got their discharge, whether they want it or not. These are a steadily, or rather rapidly, certainly continually, grow-

ing body. This makes their case a live social problem which can only intensify in acuteness. Not of course that the Emeritus is a new type. With the retired naval and military officer society has been long familiar. He is the staple of watering place society and abounds in the regions of small squires. The Civil Service, too, provides a large contingent. Every year a number of first-class clerks, some of them quite high up in their department, are cast loose on the world. Every year brings to England its quota of Anglo-Indian Emeriti—a rather pitiable case. These are long-established types, which society assimilates with fair success. But the very wide, and wider growing, adoption of the policy of a fixed term for retirement has greatly complicated the process of assimilation. Not only Government and municipal employees are subject to an age-limit; banks and nearly all large commercial houses have adopted a similar rule. All local education authorities have a time limit for retirement; nearly all public and independent schools have followed suit; and training colleges. If one takes the educational Emeriti, from the university professor to the elementary school teacher, they alone make a large annual output. Then the clergy will soon be under similar conditions. Whether or not an age-limit will ever be applied to archbishops, bishops and deans, it is certain that it will be applied to the parochial beneficed clergy. In a few years this will add very sensibly to the hosts of the Emeriti. Nothing can operate to diminish their numbers, while it is likely that every year smaller establishments will be adopting the policy and small accretions from various sides will go to swell the total.

So far as one can see the only category which will escape the fixed period is Ministers of State and Members of Parliament. Apparently the Government of the British Empire is one of the few occupations for which a man or woman cannot be too old. Two other apparent exceptions are the Bar and Medicine. Obviously, if a man is practising on his own account, he is not going to age-limit himself. Whether the Bar Council might not consider imposing such a limit may be debatable, but as the Council could not enforce such a rule, it is not likely to impose one. The Inns of Court might succeed better, for they can dis-bar. But then "liberty of the subject" would come in, and appeal to the law of the land. The British Medical Council seem to be in similar case. But even without recruits from those two professions the Emeriti will soon amount to a grand army. Death will keep the numbers down, but not so many will drop out every year, we imagine, as will every year be added. An actuarial calculation of the probable number of the Emeriti in this country in, say, ten years would be interesting.

The problem is not economic: it is psychic and ethical. Here are a multitude of active minds suddenly thrown out of work. Satan will still find mischief for idle hands, for old as easily as young. These people are all turned out of their occupation while they still feel perfectly competent to go on, and most of them in fact are competent and will be competent for years yet. In vigour and full enjoyment of life they find themselves at a loose end; they have lost their métier, their position, their significance in the world. Many of them from being important persons, running big things, suddenly find themselves nobodies. This is not pleasant to the ordinary man who is not a philosopher. It may be petty to mind this reduction in significance, but it is eminently natural to humans. Very few when they wake up in the morning like to think "I was a great man; now I am nobody." A man should, of course, console himself with the thought that greatness is of the soul and if his soul does not sink he can lose nothing. More respectable is the sense of loss of an activity with all its associations in which he was intensely interested and of which he was very fond. A really painful void is left.

Consider the Anglo-Indian. In India he is a big man, sometimes almost a potentate; he deals with great questions; he has authority and is looked up to with great regard by all and with awe by some. His wife has servants at her desire; she knows everybody that counts and is taken notice of by even bigger people than her husband. Then suddenly his time is up and at one stroke all his environment falls away from him. If he stays in India he is of all men most miserable; he is no longer part of the machine; there is no place for the retired official in India. He comes to England, from which he has been so long away that he has lost touch with English society and English ways. He cannot regain it and his wife finds no place in England. He goes to his Anglo-Indian Club and foregatheres with other disconsolates. They agree that life is not worth living. If he finds himself in an ordinary West End club, he cannot believe he is not still a great man. As he enters a room, he stands at the door and surveys the scene, frowning. Nobody minds his frown because nobody has looked up. Is it strange that he should retire to the Channel Islands or a provincial watering place?

The one thing the Emeritus must avoid is playing the ghost. He must not frequent his old haunts. He must not appear when unexpected; he must not visit his old pals at work. Once he has retired or been retired, let him leave the office for ever. Visits from another world are embarrassing; ghostly advice his old colleagues do not want. He did not want it when others went before him. It is not respectable for a ghost to haunt his old quarters. He must face the fact that he has been retired and keep away. That way he will at any rate not mar his memory.

The great resource of the intellectual Emeritus is the making of books—not on the racecourse, though he may do that too. If you note the retirement of a high-placed official, and keep a look out, in a couple of years you will see his book. The book is really something to do—it is not something to say, as a rule. Sometimes it is both. But much more often it is merely the idle man's illusion of occupation. Fortunately he does not know it; he thinks he is really working. At any rate it is a rational amusement; and it hurts nobody; for nobody need read the book. It is a very different thing when the Emeritus takes to correspondence as his hobby. His victim realizes then the seriousness of the Emeritus problem.

Next to writing books, gardening seems to be their most general recourse. They take to gardening in crowds. In Emeritus circles the garden is the great topic of conversation. A very good topic, too, if they were really interested in it. But generally it is too obviously the need of an occupation that has made them gardeners. No doubt some of them do real work; a good many go into finance and business, and some succeed. Others do valuable social work, serving on County and Borough Councils and other local bodies. Many of them make admirable churchwardens. Undoubtedly local work is the most useful sphere for these men: though, if they generally took to it, there would not be enough work to go round. At present, however, there is much more work of this kind than good men to do it.

On the whole what the Emeriti want is the philosophic mind. In active life they have served their time; they have had their turn. Others had to go before they did. It is feeble to repine or to look back ruefully. They have leisure and life yet, and vigour, for which they ought to be thankful. They can all take up some definite study or rational amusement if they will. If they work at it, they will find it interesting. They may even do something to advance knowledge. If they cannot do anything else, let them try to play some game extremely well. If they can do nothing, they can at any rate stop grousing; and their friends will think they have done much.

THE COMEDY OF WESTMINSTER

House of Commons, Thursday

DR. GUILLOTIN was a very humane gentleman, and the invention by which his name will be for ever remembered was designed solely in the interests of humanity. Whether, in the long run, it has increased or diminished the sum total of human suffering is too wide a speculation for treatment in these columns. But whatever the correct answer to that question may be, there can exist no doubt that the guillotine as known to the British House of Commons has contributed enormously to the expedition of business, the vivacity of debate and the convenience of Members. During the last ten days we have been basking in the shadow of the guillotine, and there is probably no person in the House, whatever his party, who could truthfully deny that he has liked it.

* * *

The system is simple. So much time is allotted by the Government to each portion of a bill. When that time is exhausted, that portion of the bill is voted upon, even though it should include clauses and amendments that have not yet been discussed. The increased expedition of business and the addition to convenience of Members are obvious, but it is, perhaps, necessary to explain why this system improves the quality of debate. When no time limit has been previously arranged the only desire of the Government is to get through the business as quickly as possible. However eloquent their supporters may be, however unanswerable their arguments, they are not encouraged to intervene in the discussion, which can only be prolonged by their intervention. The result is that all the speeches come from one side and that the greater part of them consists of vain repetitions.

But when the guillotine is bound to fall at the appointed hour, the time can be equally divided between the two sides, and nobody is anxious to waste it. Neither will anyone be moved to speak unless he has something to say, nor will anyone risk a statement, or an argument, that can be easily confuted. For these reasons, the guillotine, although it is an infringement of the liberty, or at least of the length, of speech, has a great deal to be said in its favour.

* * *

Whenever a Government introduces the guillotine, there is naturally a shriek of protest from the Opposition. A day is usually devoted to the discussion of whether it shall be introduced or not—and although there was an overwhelming need for its application in the case of the Unemployment Insurance Bill, it seemed to many who listened to the debate that the Opposition had somewhat the best of the argument. The Prime Minister stated the case, but did not argue it, characteristically relying upon the weight of the statement and the force of the facts.

Mr. Tom Shaw opened the case for the other side and can seldom have been heard to better advantage. Mr. Shaw's appearance radiates good nature. The politics of his party frequently compel him to register—as film producers say—anger and indignation. These emotions do not suit him. He does not look like a rebel, one cannot imagine him scaling the walls of the Bastille or presiding over the Revolutionary Tribunal. Life appears to have agreed with him, and when he adopts a vein of humorous, good-tempered sarcasm, he is more effective than when he attempts to lash himself into a fury. On this occasion his paradoxical comparison of the Prime Minister with Nietzsche was excellent, and his description of the Minister of Labour as the Pope interpreting the Gospel according to St. Blanesborough made the whole House laugh.

The other member of the Labour Party who most

distinguished himself, both in this debate and throughout the discussions on the Unemployment Insurance Bill, was Mr. Arthur Greenwood. He has improved steadily during the present Parliament, and is, perhaps, the only member of the Labour Party who has increased his reputation. He has learnt the House of Commons—and he now commands attention. He knows not only how to speak and how to argue, but also how to adjust his speeches, his arguments and his behaviour to the wavering mood of a popular Assembly.

* * *

The vote of censure, so long delayed, resulted, as postponed first nights so frequently do, in a fiasco. The Labour Party, when the good cards are dealt them, never fail to make a muddle of the hand. Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, who is rapidly becoming a tragic figure, made nothing out of nothing. Mr. Baldwin, in a short speech, so abundantly justified his former action—or rather inaction—and conquered so completely the confidence of the best elements in the House, that the frigid reception given by the Labour Party to sound sense and to good feeling succeeded only in antagonizing many who might otherwise have sympathized with their discontent.

Sir Philip Cunliffe Lister made the best speech he has ever made in the House of Commons. He showed that the Government was doing a great deal—much more than most people had suspected—to deal constructively with the coal problem.

* * *

Mr. Lloyd George added one to a series of Parliamentary failures, and was followed by Mr. Spencer, who seemed suddenly to have heard about Protection. He developed a strong case for the extremist forms of protectionist policy, and did much to justify the prediction of a cynical but sincere Tory who prophesies that the Conservative Party will nationalize the mines and that the Labour Party will introduce Protection.

FIRST CITIZEN

LITVINOFF AT GENEVA

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT]

Geneva, December 6, 1927

WHILE I was sitting, a little drowsily, in the famous Glass Room of the League of Nations Secretariat, my attention was caught by the announcement that M. Litvinoff "*a demandé la parole*." This fearsome representative of Bolshevism had already put forward a resolution which was being rather coldly received, and I expected a stinging attack on the Capitalist and Imperialist Governments which showed so little appreciation of the bright ideas of the Bolsheviks. Instead, M. Litvinoff only wished to apologize to "my colleagues" for any inconvenience he might have caused by not having submitted his resolution earlier in the day, so that copies of it could be distributed without delay. It would be quite fair to say that, although the Russian delegates did not come into Geneva like lions, they have gone away like lambs.

It is extraordinary how many journalists appeared to be surprised and shocked by M. Litvinoff's original proposals for the complete and immediate abolition of all armies and navies. It was widely suggested that the Bolshevik delegate must be mad. On the contrary he was, I feel, quite sane and intelligent. If we really want to end war, surely the most sensible way of doing it is to abolish the weapons with which war is waged. Sudden disarmament is not, it is true, a question of practical politics, but what could be more useful from the

Russian point of view than to show that the order of things which they oppose is foolish or inconsistent? Having made his offer to scrap all Russia's armaments, M. Litvinoff proceeded to collaborate in the work of the committee in a quiet and gentlemanly way. When he was not collaborating, he was wandering through the corridors of the League building or the streets of Geneva just like any ordinary individual. Two men generally followed him at a distance, but this was only in accordance with established Capitalist practice: Sir Austen Chamberlain, for example, is always dogged, even in London, by a pleasant, patient-looking detective.

To put it briefly, M. Litvinoff's visit, despite the outcry about his proposals, has been a success, Lord Cushendun, who found himself in agreement with him in urging that the nations should proceed to the practical task of disarming instead of wasting further time in helping the French to capture the elusive sprite of "Security," learned that the Bolsheviks, or at any rate those who came to Geneva, are not nearly so red as they are painted, and, more important still, the Bolsheviks learned to overcome that isolation complex which has convinced them in the past that every time Mr. Winston Churchill looks serious he is planning an invasion of Russia. As usual, the French thesis that a nation cannot talk disarmament until it has obtained security prevailed over the German—and, for that matter, British—thesis that a nation cannot obtain security until it has disarmed. But M. Litvinoff accepted the defeat of his proposal for the speedy convocation of the Preparatory Disarmament Commission, irrespective of the deliberations of the Security Committee, with a patient resignation equal to that shown by the British and exceeding that of the Germans.

In his interviews, M. Litvinoff has seemed to hint at a desire for closer relations with France. The truth probably is that he hopes M. Briand will act as intermediary between London and Moscow. Nobody here believes the resumption of diplomatic relations between the British and the Russians can be long delayed, but it is difficult for either side to take the first step towards reconciliation. Herr Stresemann cannot intervene, for he is a German, and would be suspected of trying to further German interests, but M. Briand is more in the position of a disinterested observer. Perhaps he will be ready and able to suggest a compromise which does not offend national susceptibilities. I am inclined to think, from what I have heard M. Litvinoff say, that M. Stalin has now definitely turned his back on Communism, and will soon be granting valuable concessions here, there and everywhere.

Politeness has been playing an unexpectedly important part in the relations between Sir Austen Chamberlain and M. Litvinoff. It appears that M. Litvinoff was prepared to return to Moscow without making any effort to see the Foreign Secretary, but, having visited M. Briand, he feared that a failure to ask to be received by Sir Austen might offend London. On the other hand, Sir Austen could only be persuaded to see M. Litvinoff—or so it is said—when M. Briand suggested it would be unnecessarily rude to refuse to do so. In such circumstances it was not to be expected that very great progress would be made towards a Russo-British settlement, but one visit leads to another, and a meeting to talk real business becomes a possibility. In this connexion dates become of interest—the League's Security Committee, on which M. Litvinoff will sit as "observer," meets on February 20; the League Council, which brings Sir Austen to Geneva, meets early in March; and the Preparatory Disarmament Commission, of which M. Litvinoff is a member, will follow the Council session. It is hardly likely that the Russian delegate will lose this excellent opportunity of reopening negotiations with Great Britain.

A LETTER FROM OXFORD

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT]

Oxford, December 5, 1927

IF Oxford is often unfortunate in her critics, as some recent correspondents complain, she is hardly more fortunate in her partisans, who, to a detached observer, must often appear to confirm by their manner and assumptions the decadence they deny by their words. Mr. Harold Hodge assures us that "every university, as every public school, has its disloyal *alumni*," implying such an infallibility doctrine as we have heard at Dayton and at Rome, but never before at Oxford, where tolerance in discussion is quite rightly carried as far as it can well go. Presumably this barbed shaft is aimed not at myself but at the "Oxford M.A." who is recommending parents to send their boys to Cambridge. While I consider him mistaken, he undoubtedly has a perfect right, and in fact duty, to advise them as he thinks best, without letting himself be prejudiced in favour of his own university, or intimidated by abuse. An intensification of "my country, right or wrong" is the last kind of "loyalty" that Oxford, of all places, needs; sound criticism can never damage so essentially sound an institution.

Some other curious assumptions emerge from a most uninspiring controversy. It is taken for granted, apparently, that Oxford and Cambridge are, and ought to be, aiming at precisely the same ideals, and that wherever they differ one is necessarily better, and the other necessarily worse. This is a most astonishing point of view. England has not been such a fool as to put her best eggs all in one educational basket. Oxford, as surely everyone knows, is an Arts University, excelling in the training of such types as administrators and the higher clergy; Cambridge is a predominantly Science University with an entirely different examination system, different resources, and a different attitude to life. In so far as one can be said to be in advance of the other at the present moment it is Oxford that is twenty years in advance of Cambridge, which is the essential reason why she has lately been doing so badly. As against Oxford, Cambridge is still pre-war; politically reactionary by comparison, preserving intact the old games fetish, the evangelism of the muscular Christian, and the simple faith in honest toil for the examiner which Oxford has outgrown by disillusionment. To say this is not to disparage Cambridge; during the transition stage, assuming it is a transition stage, Oxford must necessarily show to disadvantage, and it is still by no means clear where she will emerge. Moreover, on this interpretation Cambridge (to a less extent) must sooner or later undergo a corresponding evolution. The charge of decadence belongs properly to the sporting pages of a penny newspaper; anyone who desires or expects Oxford to preserve in a changed world the same ideals and the same enthusiasms which inspired the generations that led to the war can hardly be taken seriously. Oxford is groping for something to take their place.

There is little more to be said for the threadbare idea that Divine Providence sends success alternately in cycles to either University. The same people say the same things about British trade. Both may, and almost certainly will, in some form revive, but the breach is too significant, and too fundamental, to be glossed over as a mere spell of depression; it involves far-reaching readjustments, and when renaissance comes it will come in fresh forms.

Oxford quite naturally objects, in a mild sort of way, to the extremely unreasonable publicity, often in bad taste, given her in the Press, but a claim for complete immunity from discussion is not tenable. In fact now that Oxford is a state-aided institution

such haughty aloofness would be as much of an anachronism as the sublime protest of the University against the 1850 reforming commissioners:

Two centuries ago—in 1638—the University revised the whole body of its statutes, and the academic system of study was admirably arranged at a time when not only the nature and faculties of the human mind were exactly what they are still, and must of course remain, but the principles also of sound and enlarged intellectual culture were far from being imperfectly understood.

The Master of Balliol has given expression to a view which has long been gaining ground, and Mr. J. C. Squire in the last issue of this REVIEW has dealt faithfully with him. It remains only to add that the attitude he takes up is substantially the present attitude of the Oxford undergraduate, and that some of those who shine most in examinations are the most impatient of their claims and the most sceptical of their value. They are regarded as a survival to propitiate whose pedantic demands one must spend at least four terms out of nine in pure waste of time, as prescribed by the Statute. It is further understood that the harder one is working the fewer lectures one can afford to attend. Balliol and New College are already limited to undergraduates taking an honours degree; to raise all Oxford to the same pedagogic standard would exclude a valuable element, and arbitrarily deny an Oxford career to a class which has deserved better of the university, a class including such men as Cecil Rhodes.

* * *

The continuation of the Broad Walk from Christ Church Meadow into St. Aldate's is beginning to take shape, and will greatly improve both the meadow and the street, although the meanness of the City Council has thwarted the larger improvement down to Folly Bridge which might otherwise have been carried out.

The Oxford Preservation Trust persists in conducting its education in public, and will soon, to judge by the utterances of its spokesmen, appreciate the real problems of Oxford's preservation as well as it ought to have done before it started. That it should suffer certain disillusionments was inevitable and perhaps desirable, though there is little enough time to be wasted in learning. The public appeal for funds has gone even worse than might have been expected, but the Trust is coming in for a large Overseas windfall which ought to dispose of its veiled threat to beat the speculative builder at his own game by buying up choice parts of Boar's Hill and Marston Meadows to "develop" them "with the fullest regard for the rural beauty of the neighbourhood." A body with such original ideas of preserving Oxford's inheritance may well be regarded with suspicion.

The President of the Union's letter speaks for itself, but it suggests a train of ideas: I will examine that interesting institution next term.

FIRST LOVE

BY HUMBERT WOLFE

FIRST love is love before the flame is lit;
It is the waking bird before the rest
On cool wet branch all drowsy-green with it,
And sinking back to silence in the nest.
First love has more of art, and less of wit
Than later love, wherein are manifest
The brain and mind in balance exquisite,
Where good in each becomes completed best.
And there the spirit, that has half remembered
And half forgotten, that life, asking all,
Gives twice what it demands, sweeps unencumbered
Sheer into love, as when a waterfall
Tumbles all white into the sun, that dies on
The grave incontrovertible horizon.

EX-SERVICEMEN IN SOUTHERN IRELAND

THE adjournment of the Dail ensured the Government of another two months of office. With the small majority of 7, Mr. Cosgrave's party, with its independent allies, has so far avoided defeat, except on the one occasion, much advertised, when the House voted for a Commission to inquire into the grievances of Irish ex-Servicemen against the British and Free State Governments. Mr. Cosgrave was at first inclined to elevate this issue into one of "no-confidence," but has since decided to accept the vote of the majority of the Deputies, and a Commission will be set up, more or less on Major Redmond's plan. The alternative proposal, that of Deputy Cooper, another ex-Servicemen's leader, was that the ex-Servicemen should through their own organizations report to the Executive Council on any disabilities which they suffered.

The question of the Irish ex-Servicemen is one of considerable delicacy. We are told here in Ireland that it should be regarded in a purely philanthropic and practical spirit, without any party feeling. I rather doubt the wisdom of this advice, taking the point of view of ex-Servicemen's interests. The organization which represents an important body of sentiment in Southern Ireland has not been in a very satisfactory relation with the State, and has even been accused of secret and ambiguous purposes. It is true that men who fought in France under the British flag are now to be found in all parties, from the most Anglophile to the most Anglophobe. Six members of Fianna Fail in the Dail, Mr. De Valera's republicans, were in the British Army during the war, and a considerable element of the force—now the National Army—which established the Free State, against republican opposition, were ex-Servicemen. The general tendency, however, of the mass of Irish ex-Servicemen has been to cultivate a sentiment of detachment towards the new order of things; and Ministers have encouraged this tendency by attributing the sole origin of the Free State to the Easter Week Rebellion of 1916; ex-Servicemen were then fighting in France for another cause. Thus, as such, ex-Servicemen feel themselves isolated in the new Ireland, though it is untrue that they are the victims of popular persecution: in fact, their prestige stands high, as the proceedings in Dublin and other Irish towns on Armistice Day testify. When a fracas occurs in the streets on such occasions, popular sympathy seems to be wholly with the soldiers.

The men at its head, distinguished British officers of Irish birth, want to keep the organization clear of Irish politics. It is to remain an "organization," and not become a "movement." Major Redmond, however, conceived the idea of reviving his father's party with the aid of the votes of discontented ex-Servicemen. It was the late Mr. John Redmond who advised Roman Catholic and Nationalist Ireland to assist Great Britain in the war, and what (his son asked) could be more natural than that a revived Redmondite party should be the mouthpiece of the sentiments and needs of the element of the population which took that advice? Possibly, with the aid of the old loyalists or Southern Unionists, an Imperialist party might have emerged under the conditions of the last few years—or a party corresponding at least to that led by General Smuts in South Africa, which would have had its nucleus in the ex-Servicemen, and which might have asked, for instance, that the Union Jack, as symbol of the Commonwealth, should fly side by side with the Tricolour on our official buildings. Major Redmond's pious intentions were respected; but

even in Ireland, where memories are long, he could not succeed in forming a political party having for its sole passion the rehabilitation of the name of a dead statesman whose work for Ireland was completed long before the Treaty was signed.

It is now Mr. De Valera's turn to look on the ex-Servicemen's organization with envious eyes. He frankly wants to split it up by distinguishing between its chiefs, representatives of a "small minority of Imperialists," and the rank and file of good Irishmen, induced by specious promises to carry "the Union Jack and other such emblems of their oppression." I do not suppose that he will be successful; leaving sentiment aside altogether, it hardly seems likely that the Irish ex-soldiers will cut themselves off from British connexions and the philanthropy of wealthy "Imperialists" for the sake of joining a party which already finds it difficult to make two ends meet. The curious fact remains that, while Imperialist sentiment is much more prevalent in Ireland than it was five years ago, at election times all the votes are going to Mr. De Valera, with his programme of a Gaelic Republic.

Disillusion, and what a Free State Minister describes as defeatist sentiment, explain the paradox in part; to vote against the Government is to signify that there is a "curse on the country": this, as a humorist has observed, is one of the tenets in the extraordinary Credo of the "average Irishman." And most ex-Servicemen are average Irishmen. We had one illusion left, that Irishmen always prosper outside their own country. Dean Inge, in trying to deprive us of this, has been the object of the united reprobation of all parties in Ireland. It happened that in a lecture in London, widely reported here, he spoke with great alarm about the overrunning of Scotland by Irish immigrants—85,000 Irishmen, ignorant of scientific ethics, entered Scotland in ten years—the native increase in the population being only 39,000. Dean Inge had nothing to say against the Irish as a whole, but felt grave apprehension over this influx of "low-grade Irish" into Scotland, and the danger was further increased "now that America will no longer admit the Southern Irish." It is not a fact, as this passage would suggest, that the American immigration authority discriminates against the "Southern Irish" as a "low-grade" race; the quota allowed the Free State is a generous one, as good as that allowed to Great Britain or Northern Ireland, and is much above that allowed to Italy, for example. The United States, under the influence of the theory of Protestant and Nordic superiorities, may number us presently among the lesser breeds; but she has not done so yet.

J. M. H.

A RIDE WITH AN ANCESTOR

BY GERALD BULLETT

AMERICA, which is now struggling manfully into the eighteen fifties, was not long ago rent in twain by a quarrel about the Darwinian theory of Evolution. The disputants, despite the fanfare of trumpets and all their legal pomp, did not succeed in resuscitating for long the corpse of that ancient controversy, which had been too long submerged in the dark waters of controversies still more tedious. By now, in England at least, the incident is almost forgotten, most people being too busy evolving to bother their heads about evolution. With the problem itself I am less concerned than with the recurrent though sporadic interest in it. In the popular mind it presents itself as a plain question: Are we descended from monkeys? Let me say at the outset that it is no use asking me. I do not know. I am probably the only man in London who

does not possess inside knowledge on this matter. Perhaps that is something of a distinction: if so, I must make the most of it. There is so little ignorance in the modern world that—I put it to you—I am worth cherishing.

Only the other day I found myself riding on the top of an omnibus with five men, three women, two schoolboys, and one monkey. The monkey was attached by a steel chain, as well as by the subtler bonds of affection, to one of the women, a comfortable, kindly, middle-aged person. She seemed to take great pleasure in the animal, which she was feeding with buns. Looking at his little wizened face, I found her pleasure hard to understand; and I was relieved when, a few drops of rain falling, she hid him under a capacious cloak from my morbidly fascinated eyes. The monkey was now invisible and inaudible, but he was not imperceptible to another sense, and I was unable to banish the thought of him from my mind. After all, it is not every day one goes riding with a monkey, unless one happens to be an organ-grinder, a comparatively exclusive profession requiring more capital than I can ever hope to lay hands on. The novelty of the experience stimulated thought. I thought of this and of that; in particular my mind harked back to that nearly forgotten dispute about human origins.

A natural and not ignoble egotism impels every man to take a kindly interest in his father, in his mother, and even in his grandparents. For him it is like studying the sources of Shakespeare's plots. But a profounder reason for his interest in family history is that it has only to be pursued far enough to become the history of mankind. My father may be exclusively my own, but Adam is an ancestor in whom we all have an equal share. The unbroken continuity of the human race thrills one with a sense of immortality. One's imagination ranges through time and delights to find in the life of some remote progenitor the genesis of one's own instinctive habits. And, in general, we are not disposed to be fastidious about our ancestors; perhaps because they are dead, and well dead. In their absence, which makes the heart grow fonder, fancy exaggerates their virtues, and refines away, or ignores completely, their less amiable qualities. The Old Man of the tribe, in the days when the patriarchal system was in vogue, is a forefather we make no bones about claiming; but if there were any question of asking him to lunch we should do well to think twice about it. His table manners might be considered eccentric by the other guests; he might, indeed, find our friends more to his taste, more toothsome, than any of the sophisticated dishes we sought to provide him with. In such circumstances, our plea that it was "only the Old Man's way" would scarcely avail to keep the conversation running smoothly.

These reflections ran through my mind while with half an eye I continued to observe that shrouded simian figure nestling in his lady's lap. And I began to understand, as I had never understood before, the widespread reluctance on the part of my fellows to credit Darwin's theory as popularly expounded. It is one thing to have a monkey clinging by its tail to some remote branch of the family tree: it is quite another to meet the creature socially. Until the moment of encounter one's belief in its existence is perfunctory, half whimsical, and only half sincere: it is a fabulous beast, a mere decoration in a child's picture-book. But face to face with a monkey one can find no excuse for doubt. The fact is too obvious. One looks, as though into a distorting mirror, at a face that is a cruel and disgusting caricature of all mankind. The thing chatters without intelligence, eats without manners, grins without mirth. It is ugly, destructive, imitative; yet contrives at times to assume an air

of profound wisdom. Are these qualities and tricks exclusively simian? When you call to mind Lord Blank, and Mr. Dash, and the woman who sat in front of you at last night's theatre, you will agree that they are not.

Soon, all too soon, the rain ceased, and the type of my illustrious forefather came out of hiding. He sat blinking and grinning at me with such malice that I began praying, almost audibly, for more rain. He regarded me with a pitying contempt, as if to say: "Is this what the family has descended to? Poor fellow!" That brown little face was all too human to admit of further doubt. I would have given anything to know myself descended from a fiery dragon, a noble unicorn, or a sleek salamander, for these are creatures one sees only in tapestry; and, even were it not so, their likeness to mankind is so slight as hardly to exist. It was a tell-tale likeness that bereft me of argument in the face of that insulting smile. In his little scarlet coat, with his hands grasping a currant bun, he reminded me so vividly of my friend Smith (who has more than once been mistaken for myself) that I rose to go, requiring no further evidence. But glancing back over my shoulder, and seeing the extreme distaste with which the monkey followed my movements, I experienced a pang of sympathy. Perhaps, after all, we were both in the same plight. Perhaps he, too, had discovered the Missing Link.

MRS. MARKHAM ONCE MORE ON LONDON STATUES

BY HILAIRE BELLOC

MARY: Some time ago, dear Mamma, you were kind enough to give us a brief description of the statues of London. May we not beg to-day for a supplementary discourse?

MRS. MARKHAM (*graciously*): By all means, my dear, and with which in particular would you have me begin?

MARY (*eagerly*): Why, Mamma, I have always wanted to know about Queen Victoria driving that cart on the top of the big arch on Constitutional Hill.

TOMMY: It's not a cart: it's a milk-float.

MRS. MARKHAM (*angrily*): Silence Tommy! (to Mary): Nor, my dear, is it a cart; it is a chariot. Moreover, the youthful female figure conducting the vehicle does not represent Queen Victoria. It is a symbolic figure.

MARY (*most interested*): Pray, pray, dear Mamma, what is a symbolic figure?

MRS. MARKHAM (*hesitating*): A symbolic figure, my dear, is a statue symbolizing some idea by way of symbol as it were. For instance—we cannot make an effigy of influenza but we can make a graceful image with gestures and features characteristic of . . .

TOMMY (*writing busily*): Oh! Mamma, please go slower! I've only got up to "graceful" . . .

MARY (*interrupting*): But of what then is this figure on Constitution Hill the symbol?

MRS. MARKHAM: It is much debated. Some say it is the car. . . .

TOMMY: You said just now it was a chariot.

MRS. MARKHAM (*sternly*): Tommy, that is not the way to speak to your mother. A car is a chariot.

TOMMY (*persisting*): But Mamma, it's not in the least like a car! It has no bonnet, and there's no steering wheel, and . . .

MARY: Do go on, Mamma, and not mind him.

MRS. MARKHAM: Well, then, as I said, some say the car represents the Car of Empire and the four horses the Principal Dominions. Others maintain

that the young person is the Dawn; others again, Victory, and some Religion. There are various views.

MARY: But surely, Mamma, there must be some statue of Queen Victoria in London?

MRS. MARKHAM: My dear, there are at least two, one in front of the Royal Exchange; standing up, I think. Another in front of Buckingham Palace; sitting down, I am sure. And I have heard that there is yet another in Camberwell.

MARY: And are the figures round her at Buckingham Palace the Royal Family?

TOMMY (*contemptuously*): Is it likely!

MRS. MARKHAM: No, my dear, they are symbolic figures.

TOMMY (*aghast*): What, again?

MARY: And are the statues in Parliament Square symbolic figures?

MRS. MARKHAM: No, my dear. They are the carefully modelled representations of great statesmen in the past, and those who knew them tell us that the likenesses are most remarkable, considering.

TOMMY: Mamma, why do some of them point, and others stretch out their arms and others wag their fingers?

MRS. MARKHAM: Every gesture stands for some memorable phrase used by the great man so presented.

MARY: Oh! Mamma, that is interesting! And can you tell us what gestures stand for what words?

MRS. MARKHAM: I only know a few. When the right hand is clenched as though to strike the open palm of the left, the words are those first used by Sir Robert Peel: "Nay, I will go further!" But when the arm is outstretched it signifies the famous warning phrase invented by John Bright: "I challenge the right honourable gentleman to deny it!" (*A pause.*) The arm lowered and somewhat advanced with the hand open stands, I think, for, "I am the first to admit."

TOMMY (*wearily*): "I," "I," "I," it's always "I."

MARY: Do all Members of Parliament have statues, Mamma?

MRS. MARKHAM (*simply*): No, my dear.

TOMMY (*indignantly*): Oh! What a shame!

MRS. MARKHAM: Far from it! Consider, my dear Tommy, that Members of Parliament differ greatly in talent and position. Some may even be called obscure. Moreover, their numbers alone preclude such public generosity. Were each to have a statue the traffic, already congested, would come to a total standstill.

TOMMY: How do they choose which is to have one?

MRS. MARKHAM (*ignoring him*): I think you have both noticed the fine statue of Oliver Cromwell in the moat outside Westminster Hall?

MARY: Indeed, Mamma, I have. My governess pointed it out to me this very week, and had me write a brief account of his virtues.

MRS. MARKHAM (*to Tommy*): And what do you know of Oliver Cromwell, Tommy?

TOMMY (*rapidly*): He cut off Charles I's head and then said, "Would I had served my God as I have served my king."

MRS. MARKHAM: You are confusing him with a collateral ancestor, my dear; but I am glad you have at least acquired some knowledge of English literature.

MARY: Mamma, are there any statues to poets in London?

MRS. MARKHAM (*smiling*): My dear Mary, what a question to ask. Why should poets have statues put up to them?

TOMMY (*nodding his head*): There's one of Shakespeare in Leicester Square. I read it in a book. And he's a poet, isn't he, Mamma?

MRS. MARKHAM: My dear, Shakespeare's voluminous works are largely in verse, or at any rate, metrical form. But it is rather as a national institution that he is honoured—moreover, the effigy was set up by a foreigner at his own expense.

MARY: Do no one but kings and queens and Members of Parliament get statues, Mamma?

MRS. MARKHAM: Yes, my dear, great soldiers and sailors are so honoured, as also princes; thus we have Nelson on his column and the Duke of York on his, and Lord Napier of Magdala somewhere in Kensington, after having long stood opposite the Athenaeum Club, although he had never been a member. On the other hand, there is no statue of the other Napier, still less of the Duke of Marlborough.

MARY (*anxiously*): But there is one of the Duke of Cambridge, isn't there, Mamma?

MRS. MARKHAM (*simply*): Yes, my dear. It stands between the War Office and the Horse Guards, a very proper position for a Commander-in-Chief. (*A pause.*)

MARY: I suppose we should count the statue of Boadicea as a queen, Mamma?

MRS. MARKHAM: My dear, you must not say "Boadicea," you must say "Boudicca." Yes. She was a queen: poor woman! (*Another pause.*)

MARY: Can you not think of another principal London statue, Mamma, on which you could give us information?

MRS. MARKHAM: There are, indeed, many others, including that of Albert the Good, of William the Third, our heroic liberator, of James II (I am sorry to say, but happily hidden away and in fancy dress), and there are two heads of more than mortal size opposite the Imperial Institute and representing Wernher and Beit, its generous supporters. Outside the National Gallery is a fine diminutive bronze of President George Washington, to which, at the other end of the terrace, is to be appended one of President Paul Kruger; and there is a statue of Mr. Cobden somewhere, but I seem to remember it was made in plaster and has gone green. (*Rising*): However, that is enough for the day; remind me next time to talk to you on the United States.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

¶ The Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW welcomes the free expression in these columns of genuine opinion on matters of public interest, although he disclaims responsibility alike for the opinions themselves and the manner of their expression.

¶ Letters on topical subjects, intended for publication the same week, should reach him on Tuesday.

ANGLO-RUSSIAN RELATIONS

SIR,—As another regular reader, I was much interested in Mr. Trumper's letter appearing in your issue of December 3, for I have for some time been puzzled by the attitude of the SATURDAY REVIEW—so well-informed on foreign relations—to what is surely a straightforward issue in its essentials. The Russians have confiscated the property of other nationals. To raise gold credits they wish to sell that property back to those from whom they have taken it. If they "get away with" this, what incentive have they to honour financial obligations in the future? Civilized countries recognize that in the case of individuals this incentive must be kept alive. Is it not equally true of States? If not, the sooner we convert the U.S.A. to the new gospel the better for our pockets. We do not attempt this because we recognize that the whole body politic, between States as between individuals, rests upon the sanctity of contracts. Logically there is surely but one course. Russia, so far as her own nationals are concerned, must be held free to declare that property does not exist, and she may expropriate their property; that is her own, and their, unfortunate concern. But she may not confiscate that of other nationals and at the same time invite them to contract afresh, even if she can delude them into the belief that such contracts can have any sound basis. Admit Russia to the right of new contract simply because her repudiation of past obligations is a year or two old, and you have surely cut away the roots of the whole economic system and are yourselves on the high road to deny

the utility, and therefore the right, of investment. That this is as little to the advantage of Labour as of Capital is obvious.

The curious feature is that a united Europe could easily enforce these elementary rights by the simple process of economic boycott, if the nations could trust each other and—what is perhaps more difficult—could trust America. For, with the possible exception of platinum, the world has no need of Russia's produce. That there are difficulties in persuading everyone to avoid it is an insufficient reason for advocating trade with a thief.

Mr. Trumper's ideal may be higher than the average man or average nation can attain. Mine is, perhaps, the view of Mammon; but in a world where life can only be sustained by constant organized attention to economic factors the service of God and Mammon cannot remain irreconcilable. Whichever way they may be viewed, let us face the facts. Here is one which seems to be little appreciated outside the area which it so vitally concerns. There was till recently a reasonably flourishing shale-oil industry in Scotland, which if it returned little to the capitalist at least supported many labourers and incidentally played no unimportant part in the war. Possibly it had under the stress of economic competition not very long to live; but need it receive its death blow from stolen Russian oil? God knows; and Mammon does not say Him nay.

I am, etc.,
12 *Perceval Avenue, N.W.3* H. A. L. LAIDLAW

DISARMAMENT

SIR,—The Litvinoff proposal—whatever its ulterior motives—should at least bring home to all concerned the fact that, at these solemn conclaves, politicians are persistently using the *wrong word*: talking in terms of disarmament, which is an admitted impossibility in a world made up of races in unequal stages of development. Limitation is the only thinkable consummation. That is what most people mean when they speak or write of disarmament. Why use an entirely misleading word?

And even limitation has its obvious dangers, since it can scarcely be regarded as practical politics while any doubts remain as to the goodwill and honest intention of any nation on earth. If nations are to confine themselves to practical possibilities—as wisely suggested by Lord Cusden—far better to try to arrive at some concerted international agreement to ban and illegalize the use and manufacture of all forms of poison gas and submarines, also to check the increasing mechanization of the Army, which aims, mainly, at perfecting methods of wholesale destruction. As the use of expanding bullets was made illegal, the above suggestion should not prove beyond the bounds of possibility, if sufficiently united pressure of opinion could be brought to bear on it. The difficulty, as always, is to enforce anything of the kind among nations that are lacking in honesty and goodwill.

Air warfare has its horrors: but aircraft has its peace values. Poison gas, submarines and the perfecting of wholesale destruction (all of which originated in Germany) have no value, except in war. A concerted practical effort to abolish these would, to the lay mind, give an aspect of greater sincerity to Geneva Conferences than persistent futile beating of the air with that impossible word—disarmament. I would like to add that women also could use their numerical superiority in no better way than by working together for the same practical purpose: for they also are beating the air with vain talk of No More War.

I am, etc.,
Parkstone, Dorset MAUD DIVER

LOSS ON LIFE INSURANCE

SIR,—I should like to bring to your notice a case of Life Insurance within my own knowledge, which, instead of turning out a profitable transaction, has proved to be very much the contrary. I think it may be of general interest.

In the year 1881, "A," on his marriage, insured his life for £2,000, without profits, at the annual premium of £54 10s. "A" is still living, and though he has now paid in premiums £2,561 10s. and will continue paying the annual premium until his death, his representatives will receive nothing more than the £2,000 assured under the Policy.

It might have been thought that the Company, having already had in premiums some £500 more than the amount assured (and of course having earned interest thereon) would at the least have waived the payment of future premiums, and have considered the Policy as fully paid. So far from this being the case, however, the Company say that the present value of the Policy is only £1,348, and offer to commute the future premiums for a payment of £205 7s. 2d., which "A" is hardly likely to accept, having regard to his age.

Of course one realizes that the Company have taken the risk of having to pay the £2,000 at any time during the forty-six years that the Policy has been in force, but one would have thought that, the risk being past, through their having received a large sum in excess of the amount assured, some consideration might be shown to the unfortunate Policy holder. It is at any rate a warning to others never to insure under a "Non Profit Policy."

I am, etc.,
G. H. R.

QUESTION HOUR

SIR,—I think that Under-Secretaries generally might profit by the example of the Prime Minister at the question hour. Whatever his limitations may be, Mr. Baldwin is a model answerer of questions, realizing that brevity is the soul of sense as well as wit and an economizer of the public time.

This suggestion is prompted by the reports in the papers on November 29. A question put by Mr. Thurtle to the Under-Secretary for India was the prelude to an irrelevant discussion between Lord Winterton and the Socialists, including the Parsee Communist, the endorsement on whose passport had been cancelled. Besides being a waste of time, these wranglings during the question hour often merely advertise the sedition-mongers and exclude useful information that may be elicited by sincere questions.

I am, etc.,
J. LESLIE MACCALLUM
Oakleigh, Boswall Road, Leith.

THE NEW COINAGE

SIR,—Much criticism and general interest has been evoked by the new coinage. Is it not true that the whole question of design in such matters should be subjected to more critical scrutiny? The new coinage has been settled and the discussion of its merits or defects is now of little avail. Even more important is the possible revision of the design of postage stamps and treasury notes. It is not sufficiently realized that foreigners and visitors judge us very largely by such external symbols, which come immediately under their notice, and that our reputation for backwardness in industrial design is of serious disadvantage to us in trade. The Paris Exhibition of Decorative Arts showed that England is too much in a "backwater," and also what an actual commercial asset the French and Swedish, for example, have made of their artistic enterprise.

The Government, as the largest employer and patron, could do much to set an example. There has been one outstanding example of official intelligence

in such matters, and that was when a designer was allowed, without any restrictions being imposed, to design the symbol that became associated with the British Empire Exhibition, and appeared on our postmarks, although it was carefully excluded from the special Exhibition postage stamps—namely, the Wembley lion (to give it its popular title) designed by Mr. Herrick. All questions of the design should be treated in the spirit that actuated those in authority when they allowed Mr. Herrick to design the Wembley lion. It is essentially a matter for those of proved competence, and official ignorance or suspicion of really able designers has placed Great Britain far behind Europe in many other spheres than that of coins and notes. It is this over-cautious and unenterprising attitude which, in the opinion of this Association, reacts so unfavourably on the prospects of British industry.

I am, etc.,

M. E. THEVSEY,
Secretary
Design and Industries Association

6 Queen Square, Bloomsbury, W.C.1

THE STAGING OF SHAKESPEARE

SIR,—In "I.B.'s" on the whole kindly review of my book, "Iconoclastes, or the Future of Shakespeare," on November 26, he overlooks, I think, one fairly important point.

While agreeing with me that the traditionally acted costume Shakespeare is very often "awful," he puts fresh words into my mouth by saying that I "seem to have only one standard of production, namely, 'reality,'" and that I "imagine that 'reality' will not fit into a doublet."

I hoped that my book, short as it is, was definitely clear on this point. I suggested, as "I. B." suggests too, that modern clothes and naturalism had had, in one experiment, an extraordinary stimulating effect on all the actors in "Hamlet"; but I had gone out of my way to say later in a summary of the argument:

"Once the lesson is learnt, you can keep modern dress or abolish it as you will; it does not matter," and again, "Once train up a troupe of actors strong enough to realize that ruffs and doublets have no more lien on the play's meaning than have white collars and black coats—and ruffs and doublets, white collars and black coats become alike of equally little importance. Truth to the living spirit is all."

If modern actors can learn from a modern-dress production that Shakespeare's people are eminently alive and kicking, then they may go back into period costume and make them equally alive and kicking there. But the lesson must remain. And this, I take it, is "I. B.'s" idea as well.

I am, etc.,

Pump Court, The Temple HUBERT GRIFFITH

[I. B. writes: "Mr. Griffith suggests that I misrepresent him, to which I reply that he misrepresents himself. He can quote one passage of his book to the effect that it is the spirit which matters and not the suit of clothes. Let me quote another which is perfectly explicit on the absolute value of dinner-jackets. On pp. 48 and 49 he writes":

I can no longer conceal the main purpose for which I have been blackening with ink these pleasant sheets of paper. It is to state, with the utmost possible emphasis, the belief of one critic: That the future of Shakespeare lies in doing Shakespeare as a modern playwright, either now or a thousand years hence in the time to come; that the finest effort ever made on behalf of Shakespeare in the modern theatre was made when Sir Barry Jackson and Mr. H. K. Ayliff produced a "modern dress" "Hamlet" in London in October, 1925; and that Shakespeare's hold over the future, if he is to hold the future at all, will be through a Danish prince in a dinner-jacket, an Ophelia drowning herself in a short frock, and a Desdemona who comes into the Council Chamber in an evening cloak as a girl summoned away through the night in a taxicab from a ball. Corresponding

changes will have to be made when dinner-jackets, short frocks, and taxicabs are no longer modern, be it well understood.

I gladly welcomed Mr. Griffith's attack on stale traditions in Shakespearean acting, but I complained that he over-stated his case, particularly with regard to the importance of up-to-date tailoring. It is true that his faith in the dinner-jacket dwindles towards the close of his book; but the passage which I quote is so vehement that it cannot be overlooked and the critic of a book can hardly be blamed for the self-contradictions of the author."—ED. S.R.]

THE THEATRE

NEW FUN FOR OLD

BY IVOR BROWN

Clowns in Clover. By Ronald Jeans. The Adelphi Theatre.
Music-Hall Memories. Edited by Terence Prentis, with a foreword by Sir Harry Lauder, and illustrated by Elizabeth Pyke. Selwyn and Blount. 12s. 6d.

THE enemies of to-day should visit "Clowns in Clover," for this revue is a model of its kind. It makes the arts of burlesque and of ballet kiss and commingle in a delicious partnership. When I say "ballet" I allude only to the lighter form of choreography—dreadful word for so delicate a matter! —and when I say burlesque I refer only to those gentle and general slaps which Mr. Jeans administers to modern folly. Owing to the absurd discipline which censors any kind of direct personal fun, burlesque on the English stage works under severe limitations. Mr. Jeans, however, has learned to be as clever as such confinement will allow. His librettos are invitations to optimism. Even under the painful pressure of one musical comedy after another, one can be led by Mr. Jeans into contentment and even into confidence. He persuades us that civilized drollery is still alive, while Mr. Hulbert reminds us that modern dancing is not only alive and kicking, but kicking with a mannered elegance which is far removed from the elemental antics supposed to be essential to syncopated music.

That is a very good reason for recommending this revue to the enemies of our time and to the lugubrious backward-lookers, who are continually telling us that ginger is no longer hot in the mouth because noses are no longer red on the stage. "Clowns in Clover" is civilized entertainment; both in comedy and in chorus work it carries itself with ease and grace. Its decoration eschews the grandiose, wherein Mr. Cochran has sometimes succeeded and others have often failed. This is mainly a dancing revue and the dancing is not limited to a few moments of June. That lady, it is true, remains as lovely and as temperate as a summer day and as quiet as a mouse from the Elysian fields; idle to pretend, in the face of her whispering movement, that we are all a rowdy-rackety crowd whose only notions of deportment are negroid. But what Mr. Hulbert, as producer, has brilliantly proved is that a mass effect can be gained without being massive. His drilling of the chorus has obviously been intense, but the result of his dictatorship spares us the heaviness of that modern onslaught of which the "plugged" song is a fashionable and a formidable feature. His team is perfectly trained but the pattern of its movement does not suggest a gross Prussianism stamped upon a plastic regiment by a sergeant of the line. Mr. Hulbert can organize lightly, always the test of a great producer.

Miss Cicely Courtneidge is, as the tipsters say, "bang in form"; her selections never go down and it is hard to "nap" one of them where all are so easily victorious. Perhaps, however, I can put the star of an exclusive choice upon "La Fleur Parisienne," in which Miss Courtneidge portrays the queen of the boulevard in the song and dance of a Parisian

revue. Miss Maisie Gay once played a similar rôle on very much broader lines and was immensely humorous with her gorgeous exaggeration: Miss Courtneidge relies on the fact and gives us the satire which is all the more savage because it is so close to reporting. Like all good workers in revue both Miss Courtneidge and Mr. Hulbert are as happy in English back-parlours as amid alien or domestic grandeur—and their range includes those to whom tinned salmon would be the tit-bit of any tea-party. Thus their entertainment has all the virtues of variety while it retains the grace and glitter which a modern audience demands. Mr. Hulbert adds to his own affability and nimbleness a sense of style in direction which gives a sheen to all the blendings of skit and song and dance.

But if the detractors of to-day have been put out of doleful countenance by such a revue as this, they can restore themselves to gloom by turning over the pages collected by Mr. Prentis. Here are the songs of the old brigade and here are likenesses of the old brigadiers brilliantly realized by Miss Pyke. Here are the days when "beans" were "dons," when it was a sign of daring to go "mashing" and "spooning," when there was something quite terrific and tremendous about the invasion of Leicester Square with money in your purse. Away in the East were the eternal verities, saveloys and booze, lodgers and mothers-in-law; up West was the world where merry rhymed with sherry, where the glimpse of an ankle was a notable essence of masculine hedonism and where men with straw hats aslant could explain:

I'm a slasher, a dasher, an up-to-date masher,
I'm Percy from Pimlico!

Frankly it is rough justice to the old brigade to tear their songs from under their straw hats and toppers and ruddled noses and put them, all cold and naked, into print. The coster ditties will stand the ordeal and so will Herbert Campbell's 'They Ain't No Class'; so too will some of Lauder's benign shanties of the bottle:

My name is Jock MacGraw, and I dinna care a straw,
For I've something in the bottle for the mornin'.

But the vauntings of the "dons" and the "mashers" are unbearable unless the chill is taken off by personality:

Such a don, don't you know!
Got 'em on, don't you know!
Good gwacious me, quite in the know, don't you know!
Who I am? Dear old chap!
Don't you know? Dear old chap!
Why I'm Clarence Fitzclarence, you know,
Don't you know!

If these poor iterations are to make up our music-hall memories, let us blot them out and be the more merciful to the young moderns who are always developing new species of "blues" and croon about the same over a companion melancholy of twanging instruments. It will do the mournful critics of to-day some good to look through this anthology of a vanishing age of entertainment. Say as much as you will about the virtuosity of the men and women who propelled these lyrics successfully through the haze of tobacco smoke to the upper deck at the old Oxford and I am ready to underline most of your praise. But what verbiage most of it is, what a monotony of tired naughtiness about monocled mashers whose idea of a bar is a thing to "spoon" over, what a disheartening gusto evoked by the spectacle of a lady's ankle or a ha'porth of rouge! The comedy was not in these songs; it had to be fairly hammered on their surface. One has indeed to be obstinate to the verge of imbecility to pretend that everything in the late Victorian music-hall was fine and large. The reason for a scarcity of successors becomes obvious. While the great personalities survived in full strength all was well, but the legacy was becoming an empty box and a diet of saveloys could nourish no more Bardolian noses. So in came the jazz and the "cuties" and the "sweeties" and the young men with "blues" and the high, nasal melancholy of the American vocal

amorist. Farewell to the sausages and "mashers." Farewell, a long farewell to all their triteness.

The fact of the matter is that the craft of light entertainment has enormously improved. There may still be much to grumble over, but in a London revue the lyrics are often decently written nowadays and nobody would tolerate for a single verse the Fitzclarence type of ballad or the dreary dithyrambs about winking at barmaids. There is room for some subtlety in the American odes of disenchantment (e.g. the case of "my pal Harry") and the verbal tricks are cleverly done in many cases. The old music-hall performer was an expert individualist; in a good revue of to-day there is expertness everywhere and the show is produced with a taste in decoration and a thought and thoroughness in stage-craft which are exemplary. There is too much sentimental nonsense being talked about the marvels of the 'Old Mo' and similar palaces whither Percy came from Pimlico. It was possible to grow weary of their topings and I welcome, without any beating of the breast, Mr. Hulbert's mixture of a Clover Club. This is an affair for adults and it is not necessary to dine rather better than well in order to enjoy it. Just imagine listening to Pimlico Percy in a state of complete sobriety! Malt did more than Percy could.

MUSIC

DEVELOPMENT OR CHANGE?

WHEN I saw the title, 'The Story of Music,' and, on opening the book,* read that it consisted of lectures delivered at the instance of the German Radio Corporation, I remembered the school-mastery "appreciations," and the unmusical pap with which listeners-in are fed in this country; and I feared the worst. But the name of Paul Bekker was reassuring. There is nothing scholastic, I said about Bekker. He is a musician in the sense that he understands what music means, as distinct from what, in the way of quavers and beats and rhythm and harmony, it is composed of. He understands these things, too; since they are included in the larger comprehension of music. And he can express his understanding concisely and clearly. The result is a remarkable book, one of the most remarkable general books on music which has been published in recent years.

For Bekker, who gives in this series of twenty half-hour lectures an account of musical history from the earliest times to the present day, is not content to resume for us what other historians have said before. He has thought it all out in his own original way, and sheds fresh illumination on the changes which the art has undergone. It is that word "change" that is the kernel of his argument. Historians of music hitherto—and it must be remembered that none existed in modern times before Hawkins and Burney and that scientific historical work is of even more recent growth—have approached their subject from the point of view of development. The dance-suite, they pointed out, developed into the sonata and the symphony. The simple, classical symphony of Haydn was developed into something more imposing and complex by Beethoven and Brahms, and, through a union with opera, into the Wagnerian music-drama. But to-day the man who takes this line with its suggestion of a continual advance towards perfection, comes up against the blank wall of fact, to wit, that there is nothing in music at the present day to which we can point as a development, in the sense of improvement, upon what has lately passed away. In the hey-day of Brahms and Verdi, and even of Strauss, and Elgar, the argument might carry some conviction but now—

* 'The Story of Music,' by Paul Bekker. Translated by M. D. Herter-Norton and Alice Kortschak. Dent. 10s. 6d.

It is clear that we must look at musical history not as a steady growth in one direction, although it would be quite ridiculous to throw overboard altogether the idea of the development of form and so on by succeeding generations. Bekker supplies the alternative idea of change and shows us music from the earliest historical times undergoing change, yet remaining essentially ever the same. One of the results of his premise is that we cannot regard the music of one age as any better than that of another. Each is the product of the culture of its time, and it is good or bad not in relation to the product of some other time, but only in relation to a general standard of excellence. This is an obvious enough fact, but it is one that needs stating. For there is too great an inclination to set up one age or one composer on a pedestal and make of it or him a touchstone by which to test music that has nothing in common with it. I remember, for example, that at one of Gerald Cooper's concerts two years ago, when the Siegfried Idyll followed some works by Mozart and other "classical" composers, a number of the audience, devotees of the now fashionable eighteenth century, left the hall to avoid what was by absolute standards probably the best piece of music in the programme. These dissentients could not see that the Siegfried Idyll really conforms, after its own style, to all that they required of the music which they liked, and, indeed, conformed to them more fully, though with a greater emphasis on sentiment, than the violin concerto by Mozart. They could not, in fact, regard the concerto as one piece of music good in its own way, and the Idyll as another piece good in a different way. They must pigeon-hole things, each according to his own preferences.

It is difficult not to fall into this error, since personal likes and dislikes must play so large a part in our appreciation of any work of art. Moreover, it is the reaction of one generation against the ideas of the last, that is to say the substitution of one set of preferences for another set that produces the ebb and flow, which Bekker observes in his survey of musical history. In this manner he explains our present condition. We are in the trough of the immense wave which preceded us, and we may find comfort for the future, if not for ourselves, in the dull period in the seventeenth century, which preceded the rise of Bach and Handel, and that shorter lapse which occurred between them and the advent of Haydn and Mozart.

Yet stimulating as the main argument of this book is, perhaps its greatest attraction is the series of thumbnail sketches of the great composers, which it contains. Each one stands out sharply defined in all essentials under the penetrating rays of the author's mind, and yet, just when we begin to wonder how this fits in with that, each falls naturally into his own place in the general scheme. If one must select individuals, Mozart and Beethoven stand out, but only by a little, from the rest. Indeed, in the centenary effusions about Beethoven I have come across nothing that places him more convincingly in relation to music as a whole than this brief essay.

There is one small point of criticism, though it does not affect the main argument of the book, and that relates to the position of English music. Purcell is the only English composer mentioned at all, and he is summed up as follows: "Henry Purcell, who also [i.e., like Lully] wrote operas chiefly, the most important and the most gifted composer in the whole history of English music." To speak of Purcell as being mainly an operatic composer, even if we concede that 'The Fairy Queen' and 'King Arthur' are operas, does not bespeak an intimate knowledge with Purcell. Nor, in view of the absence of any reference to the Tudor composers, would it be unjust to suggest that the high praise awarded to Purcell is not the result of a considered judgment after comparison with William Byrd. Apart from the fact that Bekker seems here to fall into one of the very faults which

he denounces so justly, one may see in this statement the measure of Germany's knowledge of our music, even at the present day. They know of Purcell, largely, one suspects, through the mediation of Professor Dent, and of him, again through the same intermediary, they know well only the dramatic works.

It remains only to be added that Bekker's book has been well translated in America and that it is excellently illustrated.

H.

LITERARY COMPETITIONS—93

SET BY EDWARD SHANKS

A. *We offer a First Prize of Two Guineas and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea for a translation into English verse of the following:*

DENK ES, O SEELE!

*Ein Tännlein grünet wo,
Wer weiss? im Walde,
Ein Rosenstrauch, wer sagt,
In welchem Garten?
Sie sind erlesen schon,
Denk' es, o Seele,
Auf deinem Grab zu wurseln
Und zu wachsen.*

*Zwei schwarze Rösslein weiden
Auf der Wiese,
Sir kehren heim sur Stadt
In müntern Sprüngen.
Sie werden schrittweis gehn
Mit deiner Leiche,
Vielelleicht, vielleicht noch eh'
An ihren Hufen
Das Eisen los wird,
Das ich blitzen sehe!*

Eduard Mörike

B. *We offer a First Prize of One Guinea and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea for an essay of not more than 300 words in defence of Split Infinitives.*

RULES

- i. All envelopes must be marked LITERARY, followed by the number of the Problem, in the top left-hand corner, and addressed to the Editor, The SATURDAY REVIEW, 9 King Street, London, W.C.2 (e.g., this week, LITERARY 93A, or LITERARY 93B).
- ii. Typescript is not essential, provided the writing is legible, but competitors must use one side of the paper only. Pen-names may be employed if desired.
- iii. Where a word limit is set, every fifty words must be marked off by competitors on their MSS.
- iv. The Editor's decision is final. He reserves to himself the right to print in part or in whole any matter sent in for competition, whether successful or not. MSS. cannot be returned. Competitors failing to comply with any of these rules will be disqualified. Should the entries submitted be adjudged undeserving of award the Editor reserves the right to withhold a prize or prizes.

Entries must reach the Editor, addressed according to the rules, not later than by the *first post on Monday, December 19, 1927*. The results will be announced in the issue of the SATURDAY REVIEW for December 24. Neither the Editor nor the setter of the Competitions can enter into any correspondence with competitors.

RESULTS OF COMPETITIONS 91

SET BY T. EARLE WELBY

A. *We offer a First Prize of Two Guineas and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea for a retort, in the same metre and style, to Lovelace's "I could not love thee, dear, so much."*

B. *We offer a First Prize of One Guinea and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea for a sentence which shall most grossly violate the conventions of literary English without becoming unintelligible or ambiguous. The sentence must not contain more than 100 words.*

We have received the following report from Mr. Welby, with which we concur, and we have pleasure in awarding the prizes in accordance with his recommendations.

REPORT FROM MR. WELBY

91A. The entries for this competition were very numerous, and, though two solemn absurdities were included, reached a high level. Indeed, the only adverse criticism I have to offer is that rather too earnest a tone was given to *Lucasta* by most competitors. Surely we may credit her with intelligence enough to know that her lover had said the final thing in affirming the claims of honour, and that there remained for her only some affectionately malicious or scornful discounting of his heroic professions? I say that and repent. One of the earnest replies is a remarkable thing, without any curious felicity of phrase, but direct, urgent, passionate. I refer to E. M. Rutherford's "Dost love her more? Then with her lie." Lester Ralph shows an excellent ingenuity in shifting his jazz-mad war-wife back into an age delighted by the music of Lawes, and is very happy in his last two lines. Gordon Daviot shows a feeling for style, as he always does in these competitions, and a sense of humour:

Full warlike go thy glittering bands,
Braggart, fine oathed and free,
As small boys tilt with wavy wands,
Brain-rocked with bravery.

But a moon hence and sick of war
Thou'lt limping climb my stair,
Pleased with the armour dint, the scar,
And thy campaigning air.

And I, distressed and tearful eyed,
Shall soothe right tenderly,
And the small smile my long sleeves hide
None but the glass shall see.

Other competitors deserving of commendation are Midory, with a neat terminal half-stanza; Eugene Martin; P. R. Laird; E. de Stein; Helen, whose *Lucasta* announces that while Lovelace pursues honour she will strive for honours; and T. Lantry, a newcomer, I think.

The First Prize is awarded to E. M. Rutherford; the Second Prize to Lester Ralph.

FIRST PRIZE

Dost love her more? Then with her lie,
Since there thy stronger faith.
But, while my heart doth ceaseless sigh,
Thine may be cold in Death.

Her one embrace may be her all—
One clasp to Honour's breast—
Then, from her arms, a long, dark fall,
And in thy grave to rest.

A sculptured urn, some words of fame,
Thy new Love hath to give.
Go! get them, and forget my name,
And I with grief will live.

E. M. RUTHERFORD

SECOND PRIZE

Curse not, my Liege, the Married State
Should'st thou come home to find
That Woman, too, can stay out late,
If that She has the mind.

What tho' I am captured by the Craze
For Lawes, his Melody,
And with my Tutor thread the Maze
In Bacchic ecstasy:

Blame not fell Circumstance's Clutch
Which guides me round the Floor;
I should not clip thee, Dear, so much,
Clipped I my Partner more.

LESTER RALPH

91B. Many competitors forgot that a measure of subtlety is expected of those who enter these trials of literary skill. They relied on mere bad spelling, or an absence of punctuation, or on slang to secure them a reward which could be earned only by a perverse ingenuity. Setting these misguided persons aside, the competitors differed but little in merit. The largest number of more or less plausible and sufficiently gross errors was produced by B. F. Meyer. His sentence, however, represented bad English on various levels, and could hardly have been written by any one master of solecism. P. R. Laird's sentence was more consistent, and he earned a good mark for "those lips, so pale compared with their usual." Mrs. Herbert ably crowded fifteen atrocities into a short sentence, but gave the impression that she was writing in a competition, not writing out of a vast and comfortable ignorance. J. J. Nevin scored with a good specimen of the business letter, without anywhere touching the lowest depth. A word of praise may be given to J. C. Watkins for a reproduction of the style in which too many sportsmen write their reminiscences. That no one should have thought of playing the sedulous ape to the lords of that language which officials use is truly astonishing.

The First Prize is awarded to Lester Ralph, who, though not so rich in errors as some of his rivals, has achieved a thoroughly woolly, brain-deadening sentence. The Second Prize is awarded to Miss Parkinson, for a combination of naturalness with literary sinfulness. I applaud their efforts, but I think worse prose than theirs has been written in good faith, as by the late Miss Corelli, who dearly loved "those sort" and "different to," and by a living novelist, and by many journalists. I myself once in a fervent political leader—but that is between me and my Maker, and my prize will be given me in the next world.

FIRST PRIZE

Firstly, under the circumstances, to thoroughly examine the questions we are dealing with, and which is one of those sort of questions where an adjudicator has got to hesitate amongst two alternatives not quite absolutely defined, might well be one of the thorniest dilemmas a man can be confronted by, though, other things equal, it is only more difficult from it being concerned about a rather abstruse kind of a subject matter different to the majority, which it is best to leave to shrewder brains to wrestle with and worry himself about to try and find the solution of it.

LESTER RALPH

SECOND PRIZE

THE WICKED SISTERS

I cannot think, my dear Henry, how you would *eke out* a living, for your sisters expect you to pay *theirs as well as your own rent*, and when such as them ask, you should have nothing for it but to comply; and I doubt that your resources would be sufficient, especially as it would appear as if you have no influence with them, who are so oblivious to the claims of family affection, as to actually ignore the fact that either of them are liable for their father's debts, and one needs not say more than that: such conduct is the *will o' the wisp* which paves the way to infamy.

CORRECTIONS:

Eke out must be accompanied by something to *eke out with*.
Eke out with charing.
"Their rent as well as your own."
Same case after as before a conjunction. "Such as they" (are). You would have. "Would" in the second person simply foretells a future feat. "Should" is admonitory.
"I doubt whether."
"If you had," corresponding with "would" preceding it.
"Oblivious of."
"Actually to ignore." Split infinitive.
"Both of them are." "Either" governs a singular verb.
"One need." Correct, but obsolete.
Mixed metaphor.

E. M. PARKINSON

NEW 'BACK NUMBERS'—I

OME thirty years ago, in 1927, to be precise, my predecessor was fairly successful in recapturing, and on occasion rather tartly criticizing, the spirit of the Victorian age, as expressed in literature. He looked back into the files of the SATURDAY REVIEW no further than I do, say, some thirty to forty years; but his task was easier. Literature of the Victorian epoch had very definite characteristics, exposed contours which no eye could miss, whereas the literature of the Georgian era seems to have been incoherent to the very verge of being chaotic. There are those who will not subscribe to this opinion. Veterans like Mr. Squire, Mr. Shanks, Mr. Priestley, Mr. Gould, Mr. Lynd, Mr. Woolf, Mr. McCarthy, still fortunately surviving, and, as readers of this paper are aware, still writing, are understood to hold that the Georgian period possessed a character of its own, was not merely and mildly anarchical. They may be right.

Some things are indeed clear. It is obvious, for instance, that Mr. Squire, before he retired to a well-earned rest at Stonehenge, exercised an immense and salutary influence on the taste of his time. There is testimony to it in a notice (SATURDAY REVIEW, 1955) of the 'Collected Works of J. C. Squire'; and in a notice, rather earlier in date, of 'The Harvest of a Quiet Life,' by Mr. C. Wilkinson, a work of great value, which, however, appears to have been subjected to the drastic expurgation of which our reviewer complained. Again, there is evidence in several of our notices of his books, and in our article applauding the action of his native Bradford in conferring the freedom of the city on him, that Mr. Priestley, especially in his fourth period, so clearly differentiated from his third and fifth by Professor Wilbur B. Schwog, was one of the formative influences of his time. But any generalization to which these facts might tempt one is checked by reflection on the equally established fact that the same age was highly responsive to the work of the Sitwell family.

A minutely curious and highly audacious criticism which the SATURDAY of 1951 could not anticipate has profoundly affected the position of the Sitwells. As late as the last work of Mr. Mégroz on those writers, it was confidently assumed, by friend and foe alike, that they were three distinct persons, working independently though in fellowship. Recent research has persuaded many that a Mr. Bramwell Bacon, ostensibly an advertising agent, used the three names, Edith, Osbert and Sacheverell, for the expression of his many-sided genius. However that may be, what concerns us is the strange fact that the age which venerated Mr. Squire and Mr. Priestley paid equal regard to the author or authors of the works brought before the world as by the Sitwells. An age, one must suppose, with no settled convictions, avid for all sorts of books.

It was not only in that respect an odd generation, that of the readers whom this paper addressed in the middle of the twentieth century. To judge from the amount of space the paper gave them, other generally esteemed writers of that period were a company so mixed that it included Mr. Arnold Bennett, in whose memory a plaque was lately affixed to a mean dwelling in (Riceyman's) Steps, and whose favourite chair is exhibited at the Grand Babylon Hotel; Mr. Wells, whose 'Outline of Omniscience' was to the youth of that period what Smiles and Lubbock had been to their predecessors; Miss Ethel M. Dell; Mr. Aldous

Huxley; the gifted writer who, having turned a lady into a fox, was forced by public expectation to turn a fox into a lady; a certain Mr. Spraxley Smith, of whom it is now impossible to learn anything, but who is doubtless not forgotten by God; and Mr. Michael Arlen.

But the Georgian age keeps its secrets, it may be. For all the pother over the writers just named, and several others, it is quite possible that the Georgians chiefly read books which they did not talk or write about. We know that, some years earlier, though the literary papers gave no indication of it, what people really read were the romances of Mr. Nathaniel Gould, who wrote four of them a year under contract and left twenty-five in manuscript at his death, so far was he ahead with his obligations.

Mr. Nathaniel Gould was never, or not to any extent worth mentioning, either a lyrical poet or an essayist. That Miss Vera Thack, in her enormous recent work on Georgian Literature, a thesis submitted to the University of Apache, Texas, should have quoted a review by the SATURDAY of Mr. Gerald Gould's poems as proving that Mr. Nathaniel Gould handed sugared sonnets about among his private friends is monstrous. But her work abounds in gross errors, as in the supposition that Mr. A. E. Housman was truly familiar with the topography of Shropshire, that Mr. Barry Pain was purely a comic writer, that Mr. Edward Shanks, for all the chivalry of his writings, was anxious to abolish the Salic law in China, a country about the ultimate destiny of which he is known to have affirmed his indifference in the strongest terms ('I don't care what _____ in _____ China,' T. Michael Pope's 'Reticent Reminiscences'), and that green hats were worn by the best people in honour of Mr. Arlen. Mr. Gerald Gould, who did not write 'Tricked on the Turf,' ten years ago gathered up into a tiny volume such of his verse as his fastidious taste permits him to preserve, and if anyone can suppose that the mind which produced those poems was the mind of a popular novelist, that person should abandon criticism.

But to return to the point which was to be made. The character of the Georgian age escapes us, or at least me, possibly because it is just far enough back in the past for many of its productions to be out of the mode without being remote enough for any of them to be classics. Certain of its main figures are still among us, to remind us of a civilization so much richer in leisure and peace and other amenities than ours. They, however, cannot tell us what we would know, because they cannot understand what we ask of them. The standardization of literature which is so notable a development of our day, and so necessary a condition of its mass production, on the other hand perplexes and distresses them. They sigh, it is to be feared, for the old licence, in which each man wrote what it pleased him to write, and each read what he chose. They see no real benefit in the extraordinary speed with which the parts of a book can now be assembled, or in the cheapness of books. They resent the recommendation of books by the names of the publisher and the model, as who should say, "Ford Novel, 1999." We cannot fully comprehend them, but we can offer them a respectful sympathy, and the assurance that, for all the changes they deplore, their work, fair in the fearless old fashion, still excites curiosity and even admiration.

STET II

'Back Numbers,' in its usual form, will be resumed when this interlude is at an end.

REVIEWS

MODERNIST POETRY

BY EDWARD SHANKS

A Survey of Modernist Poetry. By Laura Riding and Robert Graves. Heinemann. 7s. 6d.

LAST week I reviewed here a book by Mr. Iolo A. Williams, called, 'Poetry To-day.' Now we have Miss Laura Riding and Mr. Robert Graves, also on poetry to-day. The odd thing is that there is hardly one living poet who is mentioned in both books. So there must really be a thing which can be called "modernist poetry" and which disclaims all connexion with the other establishment. The authors propose to show us what it is, how it has come into existence and why it should be admired. It is a praiseworthy attempt and I am indebted to the authors for light in some places which have hitherto been dark to me. But I remain unconvinced by most of their argument and quite unimpressed by their methods of presenting it.

They point out (and nothing truer was ever said) that it is the poet's business, so far as he has a business in which others can be concerned, to show the universe to the reader and make him realize it. They further point out that the poet fails in this endeavour when he ceases to look at the universe for himself, but as a result of using an exhausted poetic convention merely reports what other poets before him have reported. This is also true. It is also, let us remark, a phenomenon which occurs at all times, even in the great ages of poetry; the Elizabethans and the Augustans, even the greatest among them, were responsible for much conventional "dead" poetry. It may be true, and I daresay it is, that we are suffering now from this tendency to an exceptional degree. Let us now examine some of what Mr. Graves and Miss Riding consider the more hopeful attempts at revivification.

They seem to be particularly fond of an American poet, Mr. E. E. Cummings, and early in their book they print a piece by him as an example of what they intend to interpret and extol. Here it is:

SUNSET
stinging
gold swarms
upon the spires
silver

chants the litanies the
great bells are ringing with rose
the lewd fat bells
and a tall

wind
is dragging
the sea

with
dream

- S.

Though they say elsewhere that it is impossible to state the meaning of a poem save in the words of the poem itself, they proceed quite lucidly and intelligibly to explain what this poem means. This, I am afraid, is too long to reproduce here or to comment on in detail. They then proceed to give as close a version of it as they can write in a conventional manner:

SUNSET PIECE

After reading Rémy de Gourmont

White foam and vesper wind embrace.
The salt air stings my dazzled face,
And sunset flecks the silvery seas
With glints of gold like swarms of bees
And lifts tall dreaming spires of light
To the imaginary sight,

So that I hear loud mellow bells
Swinging as each great wave swells,
Wafting God's perfumes on the breeze,
And chanting of sweet litanies
Where jovial monks are on their knees,
Bell-paunched and lifting glutton eyes
To windows rosy as these skies.

And this slow wind—how can my dreams forget—
Dragging the waters like a fishing-net.

(I wonder why the English critics who seem to think that no "modernist" argument is complete without the citation of Gourmont's name so rarely spell it correctly). They do not say whether this is their own unaided interpretation or whether they have had it from the horse's mouth. Their own, in all probability—Mr. Cummings, I fancy, is a gentleman who does not indulge in many explanations and, further, some of the inferences seem to me to be rather far-fetched. Thus they base the dragging in of Rémy de Gourmont on the supposition that the words "litanies" and "rose" refer to 'Litanies de la Rose,' a work, which, in subject, manner and mood, has no obvious connexion with Mr. Cummings's poem.

We may, however, accept their interpretation as correct and we may also dismiss for the moment Mr. Cummings's manhandling of grammar as well as his typographical eccentricities. We may then ask ourselves what we are to learn from the juxtaposition of the two versions. Miss Riding and Mr. Graves say of their own that it "shows that Cummings was bound to write the poem as he did in order to prevent it from becoming what we have made it." I agree that there was every reason for preventing such a disaster. But how can one argue from this to the conclusion that there is some merit in the original? Putting from my mind all considerations of eccentricity or obscurity, I do roundly declare that it is a trivial and uninteresting piece of work. Mr. Cummings found no more notable experience in his sunset than is found perpetually by hosts of magazine-versifiers. Miss Riding and Mr. Graves are able to prove that sense can be made of it and that the arrangement of it is capable of explanation. But this does not prove that it was worth writing or that, being written, it is worth reading. As a matter of fact, it is neither.

This objection seems to me to apply to most of the pieces they adduce as specimens of "modernist poetry." Another writer they favour is Miss Marianne Moore, also an American. Compared with Mr. Cummings, Miss Moore is for the most part lucidity itself. She writes (in a poem not quoted by these authors):

ENGLAND

with its baby rivers and little towns, each with its abbey or
its cathedral;

with voices—one voice perhaps, echoing through the transept
criterion of suitability and convenience: and Italy with its equal
shores—contriving an epicureanism from which the grossness
has been

extracted: and Greece with its goats and gourds, the nest of
modified illusions:

and France, the "chrysalis of the nocturnal butterfly" in
whose products, mystery of construction diverts one from what
was originally one's object—substance at the core. . . .

All that the reader is left puzzling over is why the poet should have troubled to set down these rather commonplace reflections and why in such a form that they take up more room than they need.

Miss Riding and Mr. Graves devote much space to a defence of the typographical peculiarities of these writers and others—more perhaps than was required. It was unnecessary, for example, to justify the beginning of lines with small letters, a practice which has been common all over Europe for many years, used in France by Francis Jammes, in Germany by Dehmel, Stefan Georg, Rainer Maria Rilke and Hofmannsthal, and in Italy by D'Annunzio, so that it no longer gives the smallest impression even of queerness. In other directions the explanations have more point. But no demonstration (even with the help of Shakespeare) that

punctuation and other typographical devices are necessary to the expression of the poet's meaning carries of itself the argument a single step further. It still remains to be shown that Mr. Cummings has something worth expressing which these means enable him to express and *also* that, if he had, these means would prove an efficient substitute for the older instruments of poetry which he has discarded.

I think that the real weakness of the point of view taken by Miss Riding and Mr. Graves is that it is exclusively scientific. They have no real conception of poetry as an article for use. To them, one poem is essentially just like another poem, as, to the scientist, the dissection of a boll-weevil is as interesting as the dissection of an elephant. This is all very well, so far as it goes. The worst poem ever written (even these authors' version of Mr. Cummings's 'Sunset') is a fact of nature in the same way that the boll-weevil is. But Miss Riding and Mr. Graves proceed to critical conclusions from scientific premises and reveal that they have no conception of a critical standard of values.

A VANISHING PEOPLE

The Arunta, a Study of a Stone Age People.
By Sir Baldwin Spencer and the late
F. J. Gillen. Macmillan. 2 vols. 36s.

MORE than thirty years ago the authors of this work began their study of native life in Central Australia, and on three subsequent expeditions further material was collected; the last of these, undertaken last year by Sir Baldwin Spencer alone, was in the main directed towards the revision of an earlier work which saw the light in 1899. After the publication of a series of studies by a German missionary between 1908 and 1911, in which the conclusions of the English authors were disputed on a variety of points, Sir Baldwin Spencer appears to have felt some uncertainty about his conclusions; it is unfortunate that the new work has appeared too late to be studied by the critic of the earlier volumes, the Rev. C. Strehlow, who died some four years ago, for Professor Spencer, as he then was, did scant justice to the German writer in a letter published in 1910 by Sir J. G. Frazer, in which he says that Strehlow "gets very doubtful information in regard to all sacred or secret matters."

Further study has led the author to modify this opinion and he now pronounces Strehlow's work to be admirable, though he still maintains that information gained in the study from natives under missionary influence is less trustworthy than that collected in the open by observers who were free to watch all rites, however secret. Sir Baldwin Spencer's summing up, however, hardly puts the matter in its true light, for he ought to have added that Mr. Strehlow appears to have been completely master of the Arunta language, whereas neither of the English authors could converse in it, though Mr. Gillen lived among the Arunta and was sub-protector of the aborigines.

When their conclusions were traversed there were two courses open to the English writers, if they were unable to learn the native language; they could either have sent selected informants to Mr. Strehlow, who was only a few days' march away from Mr. Gillen, or have themselves acquired such knowledge of phonetics as would have enabled them to record native texts. In either case utilizing Mr. Strehlow's knowledge of the language, they would have put their data on a far more certain basis. Nothing, however, was done; it is a matter for regret that no steps were taken for nearly twenty years to check data challenged by Mr. Strehlow in 1908.

At various points in the text we find alterations, such as the substitution of Mbanbiuma for Intichiuma as the name of the totemic ceremonies; but it is difficult to discover the precise extent of the change in

the present work; Strehlow's name is cited in a few footnotes and in an appendix of less than five pages his account of the churinga is criticized under twelve headings; this is rather short measure in a work undertaken in response to criticism. The matter is not made simpler by various inexcusable blunders in what professes to be an account of Strehlow's views; these seem to be due in part to an inadequate knowledge of German. When Strehlow says that the native does not regard the churinga as the seat (*Sitz*) of a soul, it is confusing to read as the English translation that the natives do not conceive the churinga as possessing (i.e., *besitzend*) a soul; to comment on the phrase with the words "it is not quite clear what Strehlow means by 'possessing'" is rather ludicrous, and to add the assertion below that each churinga is regarded as possessing or possessed by a spirit or its double is to make confusion worse confounded.

In another passage Strehlow speaks of the mysterious (*geheimnisvoll*) body of a maternal totem ancestor; the English translation transforms this into "hidden body"; and the statement is traversed on the ground that natives in the north and centre are very definite that the churinga, said to represent the totem ancestor, has no reference whatever to any woman. The comment is added that Strehlow's account is improbable, as the churinga is supposed to give power, and no one wishes to have power of a female nature. It is clear that when "pidgin English" is the medium of communication, questions of this sort may be involved in obscurity; and as Sir Baldwin Spencer himself states that at an earlier stage in the rites the young man who receives the churinga throws a boomerang in the direction in which his mother's totem ancestor lived, the criticism seems to be lacking in point.

It must not be argued, however, from these isolated examples that the two volumes of over six hundred pages are not a monument of honest and careful work of which the English anthropological world may justifiably be proud. Sir Baldwin Spencer has, with the utmost fairness, modified, indeed almost recanted, his former view of Strehlow's work, and if he were alive there can be no doubt that Strehlow would be among the first to congratulate the author upon this, the last work that is likely to be written on the Arunta, who are to-day a shrunken and degenerate remnant, with but few survivors of their golden age, when they roamed over their tribal lands without thought or fear of the white man.

It is impossible to give even a brief summary of the contents of the eight and twenty chapters; suffice it to say that, with one exception to be mentioned below, they seem to deal with every side of the mental life of the natives; there are shorter sections on stone implements, decorative art, weapons and the like. That the word religion does not appear to be mentioned does not mean that Sir Baldwin Spencer passes over in silence the phenomena which Durkheim regarded as the root of religion; the definitions of the two authors are wholly different though their data are the same.

In an appendix are given Strehlow's views on Arunta theology; it seems perfectly clear that he was mistaken in supposing that the Arunta used the term "Altjira" for God before it was introduced by the missionaries; he was unable to realize that the natives of his flock were far from untouched specimens whose utterances could be transcribed and published without any need of critical examination. Even if we had before us interlinear translations of Arunta texts, giving accounts of native beliefs, it would be necessary to examine them with care for traces of white influence in fields where it might be expected to penetrate. Sir Baldwin Spencer, therefore, did not harbour at the outset a wholly irrational prejudice.

It has been mentioned above that one side of the mental life of the native has been left untouched;

this is the language. A pioneer missionary published in 1891 a grammar and dictionary of the Arunta language in the transactions of an Australian society; with such a basis to work on it ought to have been possible by this time to give the world a more complete study written by a trained philologist. Sir Baldwin Spencer is a biologist and could hardly be expected to devote the necessary time to the study; but surely he might have found a philological coadjutor or induced the Australian Government to spend a little money on linguistic study. Our only detailed survey of Australian languages was written in pre-war days by Father Schmidt, and he came to the conclusion that there were well-marked linguistic strata due to immigration into Australia, one of the latest languages to arrive being that spoken by the Arunta. If this conclusion is correct, it is of the highest importance for the history of the native races; but there are cautious philologists like Meillet, who are so sceptical of Schmidt's results that in a recent survey of the world's languages Australia was dismissed in a single page.

The British Empire does a good deal in one way or another for the study of mankind; but it is the rarest thing for a really good grammar or dictionary to appear for any unwritten language spoken in British territory. What does appear is mostly written in German; a little effort or a little encouragement might perhaps alter this rather discreditable state of things.

A QUESTION OF ATTITUDES

A Life of Emma Hamilton. By O. A. Sherrard. Sidgwick and Jackson. 21s.

THE beautiful Lady Hamilton was famous for her Attitudes, as her contemporaries called them—those easy, graceful poses, which made her probably the best artists' model that ever lived. Opinions have differed about these Attitudes. Many will agree with Mr. Sherrard in giving the palm for sheer flower-like beauty to the well-known Romney in the National Portrait Gallery, which he reproduces here as his frontispiece; but when it comes to considering which of them was the most natural, most like Emma herself, there is, of course, a wider and more difficult choice. And if we pursue the subject further and examine what may be called her moral Attitudes, it is still harder to decide. Not that Emma Hamilton was ever insincere. With all her faults—her sentimentality, her extravagance, her essential vulgarity—she always spoke her mind, as she found it at the moment, simply and frankly. Her moral Attitudes were as natural and unaffected as her poses in the studio. But they were often contradictory—exaggerated; and it is difficult, at this distance of time, to say which were the most truly characteristic; though it is easy to see which were most beautiful.

Perhaps the controversy was hardly worth while. Certainly there can be little more to say about it now, for, as Mr. Sherrard admits, "there are at least a dozen previous lives of Emma, and numerous works in which she is mentioned." Yet it is difficult to blame him for adding one more to the crowd of disputants. He knows his subject, he has a fresh point of view, and he is assured of his applause in advance. For it is a subject that apparently exercises a peculiar fascination over the modern mind. Judging from recent literary output, we are more interested nowadays in Emma Hamilton than in Nelson, in Marie Walewska than in Napoleon. It may safely be assumed that if Mr. Sherrard had not come out with a new book about Lady Hamilton this year, somebody else would have done so.

His view of her character is briefly this. He rejects the extremes both of adulation and blame. "She has often been represented as an ambitious adventuress"—which, considering that she began life as a blacksmith's daughter, is not an unreasonable suspicion—

"and sometimes as a stateswoman of uncommon abilities." Both conceptions, declares Mr. Sherrard, "are entirely false." He makes her better than we thought, but less efficient; exalts her heart at the expense of her head. If she boasted of her services to the British Government, after Nelson's death, that was only in order to get money to pay her debts with. She had no real aptitude for politics. But where Mr. Sherrard gets her "deep and beautiful nature" from we cannot imagine. Her letters are admirable—plain, simple, unconsciously humorous, affectionate, loyal letters—especially those addressed to her "protector," Greville, whom she adored, not knowing that he had deliberately sold her to his uncle, Sir William Hamilton. Her retort, when she did find out, was to make Hamilton marry her, much to Greville's disgust. But there is nothing particularly "deep and beautiful" here. "Fleas and lice their is millions," she writes in her ill-spelt, country-girl way, describing Naples; and it is a good example of her straightforward style. "I am a pretty woman," she says elsewhere, describing herself, and really one wonders whether there is any need to add anything further to that description. Perhaps Mr. Sherrard puts his finger on the essential fact when he writes:

She owes her fame to Nelson, and because of that her fame has tended to become either notoriety or nonsense. To attempt to clothe her in Nelson's glory is absurd. To say that she did nothing but smirch an honourable name is to take far too narrow a view of facts and none whatever of fancies.

We may not agree with Mr. Sherrard that Nelson did this twice-rejected mistress and unfaithful wife any serious moral injury; we may doubt whether there was really anything much in her but a pretty face and a talent for Attitudes; but we must admit, if we are honest, that she, on her part, gave to Nelson a fierce joy and happiness, both in herself and in their child, that come to few men and should be despised by none. We would echo Mr. Sherrard's concluding words: "May she rest in peace"; but publishers are so enterprising nowadays that there seems to be very little chance of it.

VARIOUS VERSE

Festival in Tuscany. By William Force Stead. Cobden Sanderson. 5s.

The Best Poems of 1927. Selected by Thomas Moult. Cape. 6s.

The Augustan Books of English Poetry: Poems from Books 1927, Epitaphs, The Less Familiar Nursery Rhymes. Benn. 6d. each.

A Score, A Score and Ten Poems. By G. D. Martineau. Methuen. 4s. 6d.

IT is a tribute to Mr. William Force Stead that one is concerned at once with what he says rather than with how he says it. And this in spite of the fact that what he says is, so far from being new or original, one of the earliest of human guesses. For Mr. Stead is a mystic, searching always—and always finding—the One in the Many. It would be impertinent to attempt to gauge the depth of his conviction, to inquire whether his mysticism proceeds from an intuition of the absolute or is no more than a temporary intoxication with an idea peculiarly fascinating to the literary mind. It must suffice for our present purpose that it has inspired him to an utterance that has the eloquence and dignity of passion. He has written, for example, a poem called 'Night Ecstasy,' which does come near to justifying its title; and his 'Christmas Eve' possesses both strength and beauty. In 'Autumn Twilight' the ancient idea is lucidly expressed. Here are the closing stanzas:

Thy sun is gone, Thy labourers too are gone,
Thy holy light dies down by slow degrees.
Thou hast attained the hope that flowered in April,
Thy fruit is gathered in heaps beneath the trees.

Yet Thou art wakeful; I hear a late twitter and chirping
Of robin, wren, and cricket, and one rook flies
High up and straight onward with wings mightily beating,
Where Thou pursuest Thy way alone in the skies.

In another poem, with the somewhat intimidating title of 'How Infinite are Thy Ways,' the poet pursues this same idea to what is, in perhaps more senses than one, its logical conclusion. Having mentioned the various sounds that break the silence of night—a cricket, a robin calling, an owl crying, a dog barking, a cock "boasting his might," and the rest—he continues :

I had not known, were I not still,
How infinite are Thy ways.
I wondered what Thy life could be,
O Thou unknown Immensity:
Voice after voice, and every voice was Thine.
So I stood wondering,
Until a child began to sing,
Going late home, awed by the gathering haze . . .
I said, Her life at one with mine
Is also Thine;
But compassing Thy many voices now,
Lo I, somehow,
Am Thou.

Mr. Thomas Moult fishes diligently in the waters of periodical verse; and, though his net may have rather too fine a mesh, the result of his labours is a collection well worth having. He offers us very little that lacks charm, and much that possesses a degree of distinction. Conspicuous among the poets represented are Mr. Humbert Wolfe, Mr. Roy Campbell, Mr. Edward Shanks, and Mr. Martin Armstrong; and Mr. Stead contributes the 'Christmas Eve' already mentioned.

Mr. Moult is also responsible for 'Poems from Books, 1927,' which is one of three new Augustan Books, the others being a collection of the "less familiar" nursery rhymes (though some are very familiar indeed, and some others are scarcely worth the remembering) and an anthology of English Epitaphs ranging from the fifteenth to the nineteenth century. This latter volume includes verses by such poets as Milton, Herrick, Ben Jonson, Crashaw, and Beddoes; yet all their studied and ingenious eloquence proves less moving than the artless perfection of the epitaph—by now well known—on Jane Lister, which is to be found in the cloisters of Westminster :

Jane Lister,
Dear childe,
Died October 7th, 1688.

Mr. G. D. Martineau sings heartily and pleasantly of Sussex and cricket and dogs—all good things. His unpretentiousness disarms criticism, and at its best his verse is vigorous and crisply phrased.

CHRISTIAN UNITY

The Reunion of the Churches. A Study of G. W. Leibnitz and his Great Attempt. By G. J. Jordan. Constable. 12s.

TO be a *Reichsfreiherr* in one country, a Fellow of the Royal Society in another, and a target for satire in a third is an extraordinary destiny. Admittedly few men could be historian, legislist, metaphysician, mathematician, theologian, physicist, all in one; but it is a comparatively modern view that no man ought to be. Among the men of his own time Leibnitz perhaps came nearest to achievement, and if he died almost forgotten and with a sense of failure, later generations have paid a more willing tribute to his greatness. Little notice, however, has been taken in England of an aspect of his manifold activities which gives him a special interest at the present time. It was the passion for unity which informed them, though not in the way in which for Sir Thomas Browne "Omneity informed Nullity into an Essence." Had it been so, Leibnitz had not needed to sacrifice his peace of mind nor to imperil his reputation. "He

refused to attend church because he was deeply religious . . . he could work outside the Churches for the unity of the whole . . . the narrowness of the Churches was one of the chief factors which directed him to the great work of Reunion."

Dr. Jordan holds that Leibnitz's efforts after Reunion, covering over half a century, "cannot be equalled in the whole history of religious irenics"—a term for which "ironies" would be a passable emendation but for the suspicion of malice. But whether "irenics" hail from Wardour Street or New York City, the concept was better than the Thirty Years' War or the *Bruderkrieg* that followed. None the less the reader of these pages will marvel at the strange routes by which the quest for a basis of reunion can be pursued. The faithfully learned and learnedly faithful Leibnitz would break a lance with the dignified Bossuet, or rather a whole series of lances, as though Truth were likely to be extricated from bondage as the result of a tournament of wits. He will answer the Bishop's twenty-four points with a hundred and twenty-two of his own, and do so with the same zest as he constructs for himself a new *Systema Theologicum* to illustrate principles which "to an unprejudiced man will appear to carry with them the recommendation of sacred Scripture, of pious antiquity, and even of right reason and the authority of history."

Much of the story traced in this book will be to nearly every reader entirely new; it is based on painstaking research which deserves high praise, and it is told with a vigour of enthusiasm which carries the reader over less exciting tracts of exposition to follow the stages by which Leibnitz tried to make a Reunion rather than to win it. It may be said that circumstances were too strong for him, and that we should take warning from his failure. But the failure came not from the vision, even if limited, but from the method; or so we may judge. And the hope of Reunion lies not in detachment nor the evolution of a system, however comprehensive, but in the irenic spirit.

BRITISH FOREIGN POLICY

British Documents on the Origins of the War, 1808-1914. Vols. I and II. Edited by Drs. G. P. Gooch and H. W. V. Temperley. Stationery Office. 10s. 6d. each.

ALTHOUGH for various reasons the editors decided to publish first the eleventh volume of the series, which dealt with the immediate causes of the war, these two volumes are, in fact, as well as in numbering, the opening volumes of the great work undertaken at the desire of the Foreign Office by Drs. Gooch and Temperley. In them the reader can trace for himself the long and often tortuous course of that *Weltpolitik* which was eventually to culminate in Germany's desperate bid for the hegemony of the world. Aided by brilliant editorship and arrangement, he can follow in detail through thousands of documents, each of which individually would be unintelligible to him, the gradual unfolding of a diplomatic drama to which no parallel can be found in history: a drama that began with Great Britain's slow abandonment of her policy of "splendid isolation," and ended, in as far as the present volumes are concerned, with the conclusion of the Anglo-French Entente of April 8, 1904.

For the most part the negotiations recorded in the present volumes are concerned with the Far East (Kiao-Chau, Siam, Samoa, Manila, etc., etc.), the conclusion of the Anglo-Japanese Agreement, North Africa and the Niger; but there are also chapters—and they are among the most interesting in the volumes—on the abortive attempt to achieve an

Anglo-German alliance in 1901, and the more successful attempt to bring about an Entente between this country and France in 1904. Inasmuch as these volumes form part of an as yet unfinished whole, and also because their full significance and importance cannot be ascertained until the documents they contain have been critically collated with those published by the German, Austrian, and Russian Governments, any detailed and critical estimation of their contents must be postponed until the completion of the work.

What can, however, be said is that not even a hasty perusal of these documents can fail to give the reader a strong impression of the essential honesty of British foreign policy and—no less important—of the British diplomats into whose hands was entrusted the execution in detail of that policy. Doubt may from time to time have existed as to whether or not there was any real formulation of policy at all; but, except in interested quarters, no doubt can have ever been entertained that the real desire and intention of the British Government of the day was to settle international disputes on the principle of a fair bargain all round.

GREECE

Later Greek Sculpture. By A. W. Lawrence.

Cape. 25s.

Greece Old and New. By Ashley Brown.

Methuen. 12s. 6d.

Silhouettes of Republican Greece. By Betty

Cunliffe-Owen. Hutchinson. 18s.

In his book on Greek sculpture the author traces the changes in that art from the "golden" classic period to the time when the Roman conquest had had its effect. He shows with directness and economy of style how the changing thoughts and needs and motives of a people will change their art along with them. He gives a brief history of Greek sculpture from Praxitiles to Augustus, and makes comments on the most valuable part of the book, a series of lovely plates at the end. The style is too dry and academic for such a subject; there is a juncture past which the critical spirit becomes destructive and spoils, or nearly spoils, spontaneous enjoyment of beautiful things. But the photographs from all the museums of Europe make up for the letterpress. For the sake of the pictures, over a hundred reproductions of passionate marble and stone, this volume would make an ideally beautiful Christmas gift-book.

Even the most erudite traveller needs a guide-book occasionally, and Mr. Ashley Brown, in his 'Greece Old and New,' has written a super guide-book, in which the scholar can find help over practical details and the less educated traveller can find a good deal of solid information on the life of classical Greece. For instance, in his chapter on Olympia he gives several historical facts about the great games of an entirely practical nature; what started the Festival, how long the games lasted, where the people stayed, what prizes the victors received; exactly the sort of questions one most asks when the imagination is eager to reconstruct the life of some ancient site.

Without the answers to a great many apparently irrelevant and entirely practical questions the imagination of the truthful dreamer pauses and cannot proceed. When it is given scholarly, accurate, simply-written information the imagination is guided to true reconstruction. There is a chapter on Mycenæ, giving, so to speak, "in cold blood," an account of Schliemann's soul-shaking discoveries of Homeric Hellas—the tomb of Agamemnon and his family. These discoveries are an old story now, and there is evidence against as well as in favour of the tombs really belonging to the Heroic Age; but there is an astonishing spell in the sober re-telling of the archæo-

logical facts. The book ends with one or two chapters on the monasteries of the Orthodox Church, and an account of Corfu; and everywhere there are practical details and information about getting from one place to another; Greece is not up to date as regards trains and hotels.

Mrs. Cunliffe-Owen's 'Silhouettes of Republican Greece' is in complete and perfect contrast to 'Greece Old and New,' though the theme is very similar. It is avowedly, even unrestrainedly, romantic in spirit, and though it is quite formless, and occasionally "spills over" into silliness, it is an amusing, highly-coloured, and above all *vital* account of a sojourn in modern Greece. It is written with humour and sympathy, and is illustrated with several charming photographs of Greek peasants and refugees. The author is particularly interested in the post-war refugees from Turkey, her husband having been engaged on the Refugee Settlement Committee which found homes for the swarms of pathetic war-victims who were flung out of Turkish territory at incredibly short notice in 1922. She says: ". . . in spite of their sufferings, in spite of all the lives lost, one million and a quarter refugees still survive to seriously weaken Turkey and strengthen Greece. Out of the welter and misery of those tragic times the Hellenic people have risen a compact and homogeneous nation."

ABYSSINIA AND THE DAM

In the Country of the Blue Nile. By C. F. Rey. Duckworth. 25s.

FOR a few brief, embarrassed hours, somewhere about the beginning of November, Abyssinia stood in the fierce limelight which beats upon those foreign nations which have momentarily attracted the attention of the London Press. She stood tongue-tied and hesitating, like an actor who does not know his part. There was a distinctly awkward pause. Then the envoy from America landed in this country, and explained that he had not really offered anyone in New York a contract for the Blue Nile dam at Lake Tsana, in defiance of the treaties with Great Britain; he had merely mentioned the topic casually in conversation. A sigh of relief was heard in London and Cairo—and perhaps, too, in Washington—and Ethiopia stepped back out of the limelight, into the comfortable Ethiopian darkness where the average British newspaper reader is usually content to leave her.

Mr. Rey's book appears as a timely commentary upon these events. He is as informative as ever. This is not his first book about Abyssinia; but though he writes so "closely," packing every page with information, he always seems to have something new to say. Not the least valuable chapters in his present work deal with this very question of the Blue Nile dam, and its relation to local and international politics. He points out that the dam would do no damage to the surrounding districts; it would not even raise the level of the lake. On the other hand it would bring in new capital, new employment for the people, and, while causing no harm to Abyssinia, would be of inestimable value to the irrigation of Egypt and the Sudan. The project has been under discussion for years past, and has been delayed only by the action, or inaction, of the Abyssinian Government—which makes it all the more remarkable that an Abyssinian envoy should have raised the question in America.

It is impossible not to sympathize with the dread of European penetration which most Abyssinians feel. It is not inspired by religious fanaticism—as in the case of the Bedouin of Kufra, for instance. They do not dislike Europeans. On the contrary, Mr. Rey in this book describes a long trek from Addis Ababa to the head-waters of the Nile, in the course of which he and his wife were everywhere treated, by high and low alike, with a courtesy and hospitality which could

hardly be equalled in any country. But they fear for their independence, which they have so long and so gallantly defended—"an island of Christians amid a sea of pagans," as the Emperor Menelik said of his country. They have suffered much for it. Their curious habit of eating raw meat, which Mr. Rey describes, is believed to have had its origin in the fact that, during the Turkish invasions, the miserable remnant of the Abyssinians were afraid to light a fire lest the smoke should attract their merciless enemies to their hiding places. But if the Blue Nile is to be dammed at all, it is only common sense and common justice that it should be done in consultation with Great Britain, as representing the interests of the Sudan and Egypt, who are so vitally concerned. We have no imperialistic designs in the matter, other than this.

Mr. Rey seems to doubt whether the traditional Abyssinian policy of isolation can any longer be maintained. Neither the present Regent nor the Empress is in sympathy with it, and things are already changing rapidly, especially at the capital. The railway from the coast was opened in 1918, and its effects may now be observed. Bicycles and motor-cycles have appeared in the streets, and the Regent owns a handsome motor-car painted horizontally in the colours of Ethiopia, green, yellow and red. The condemned murderer is no longer openly slaughtered in the public square by his victim's relatives; he is tied up, inside a shed, and the part of the relatives is confined to pulling the triggers of rifles which have already been trained upon him through holes in the wall. All this spells progress. In Mr. Rey's view it is the duty of foreign governments to do all in their power to support the authority of the Regent, until he becomes strong enough to defy the reactionaries and seek the European advice and assistance which he well knows to be his country's greatest need.

A QUAKER'S LIFE

Sir James Reckitt: A Memoir. By Major Desmond Chapman-Huston (Desmond Mountjoy). Faber and Gwyer. 21s.

"IF you've got ten minutes to spare, don't go and spend it with someone who hasn't." Such was the homily James Reckitt was fond of addressing to his sons, and in it lies the key to his character. For as one reads Major Desmond Chapman-Huston's sympathetically written account of this Quaker who became a merchant prince, one feels that there could have been scarcely ten minutes of his long life that were not well ordered. From the age of fifteen to the age of ninety he spent his days exploring means of employing at good wages on useful work a thousand persons where one was employed before. His rigid Quaker upbringing shaped his personality and gave him at an early age that fixed habit of mind, that mastery of detail and that relentless industry which enabled him to build up the great firm of Reckitt, of Hull, which was founded in 1840 by his father Isaac (after three failures), until it spread all over the Empire and invaded the United States.

He was a successful man, in some respects even a hard man, but there was in him a love of humanity that was his sweetest quality. While as a sound business man he would fight to the last ditch a workman who claimed more than his just due, as a friend he would relieve that man's necessities. All his life he contributed generously to philanthropic objects, not in money alone but in service. He was devoted to the cause of popular education. At a time when the majority of the citizens of Hull had not arrived at a broad enough vision of municipal responsibility to start a public library, he shamed the ratepayers by providing one out of his private purse, and maintained it at an annual cost of £600 a year. Above all, he

had a deep sense of personal responsibility for the welfare of his employees; this induced him to take the lead in what is now known as "welfare work" in industry, and in 1907 he established a garden village which covers 130 acres.

Major Chapman-Huston has done his work admirably. He gives us a sensitively drawn picture of a dominating but lovable personality, of a man who was a pioneer of better relations between employer and employed; and his account of that often misunderstood body, the Society of Friends, is written with peculiar insight.

MAJORCA IN DANGER

A Majorca Holiday. By Ada Harrison. Gerald Howe. 12s. 6d.

ANYONE who contemplates taking a holiday in the island of Majorca is recommended to do so at once, before "improvements" set in. Majorca is still very charming to the eye. There is no golf course, as yet—or we have not heard of it; no English club or cocktail bar, comparatively few motor-cars, and the steamships in Palma harbour are far outnumbered by the sail. But, as Miss Harrison says, "you cannot take two large hotels and plant them down in a tiny antique village without some danger to the inhabitants." These danger signals are already to be seen, not only in Palma, the capital of the island, but even in Pollensa and Soller; and there are beautifully named villages like Fornalutx, which are positively "English-ridden," swarming with residential "plus fours." On the fragrant, sleepy road which leads between the orange trees to Valldemosa, there is a sign thrust out, upon which is written "English Teas."

This is all very terrible, and Miss Harrison undoubtedly deserves our sympathy; for no one shares more fully than she does that feeling of hatred, amounting almost to nausea, which assails every intelligent English traveller upon detecting the presence of compatriots in some far-off foreign place. Miss Harrison has one great advantage, however: she can see the humour in her own attitude. But she had other troubles, familiar to the traveller. Guides, for instance, male and female:

"Those frescoes were painted by a cousin of Goya," she said.

I was so hungry that I permitted myself to observe forlornly: "Not all the Goya family was artistic."

The custodian punished us quite simply for this lapse. Redirecting our eyes upwards she again pointed with her keys.

"Those frescoes," she said, "were painted by a cousin of Goya."

This time I gazed at them humbly, and when we were allowed to move on, and were halted under a blur said to have been executed by the husband of Goya's daughter, I saw to it that servile appreciation instantaneously brimmed my eyes.

On the whole, however, the holiday was a great success, and Miss Harrison's account of it, written with her usual distinction, is most unlikely to deter other visitors. Perhaps her best chapters describe her stay at the pretty little inn overlooking the sea at Puerto de Pollensa—the inn where everything was so incredibly clean and yet so seldom washed. In England, as Miss Harrison says, "we wash, because we must." But we also wash out of proportion to our needs. We wash "in a kind of frenzy and despair." "We go out in a fog and come in and wash our faces and go out into the fog again." It is true—true too that "there is nothing so absolutely enviable in a smokeless sunny country as the ease with which its linen is kept white." Mr. Robert Austin has caught something of this bright, vivid atmosphere of the Mediterranean, in the drawings with which he illustrates this book—particularly in the amusing little line drawings inserted at the end of each chapter. He has seen the humour of the Majorcans, as well as their natural dignity and grace—a point that is too often missed.

NEW FICTION

By L. P. HARTLEY

There is No Return. By Elizabeth Bibesco. Hutchinson. 6s.

Oberland. By Dorothy M. Richardson. Duckworth. 6s.

Helen and Felicia. By E. B. C. Jones. Chatto and Windus. 7s. 6d.

Death comes for the Archbishop. By Willa Cather. Heinemann. 7s. 6d.

THE term "woman novelist," if it implies that there is some quality common to fiction written by women which is not to be found in fiction written by men, is most misleading. Here are four novels, all written by women, but so unlike that they might be the work of four different sexes. All have merits much above the average, but none seems to share, to any great extent, the merits of the others.

To begin with Princess Bibesco. 'There is No Return' is a story of a couple of hundred pages in length. It is witty, it is full of brilliant generalizations, it is anti-feminist in tone:

Are there any women for whom life is anything but the guise of love? Remarkable women, useful women, professional women, unless they are also loved women, what are they but poor little trained animals taken from one music-hall to another, forbidden to run lest they should forget how to walk on their hind legs?

It may be a humiliation, it may be a glory, but surely it is a great truth that woman is nothing but a lamp unlit until some flame of love has brought the torch that shines into the night.

And again :

A strange, codeless race, women. Always ready to sacrifice themselves—and everyone else—to the thing they love; always prepared to throw their own happiness overboard, to immolate themselves, but unable to realize for a moment that they are not entitled to implicate others in their sacrifice.

Reflections such as these are scattered all over the book; for, considered in one aspect, it is an essay upon the nature of love: and as the extracts show, Princess Bibesco never hedges or compromises. She tells us exactly what she thinks. To get the fullest enjoyment from 'There is No Return' (which is, I think, far the best book she has written) one must be prepared to subscribe to, or at any rate to sympathize with, the system of ethics outlined above. Otherwise the reader will be impatient with Isobel, Isobel who thought that all one's conduct could be justified if only one had the capacity for love. She lived with no other thought than to love and be loved by Tony. Tony was not her husband—that office was performed, much to his own satisfaction, by Anselm—Tony was the man she loved, the man to whom, on what she and every one else believed to be her death-bed, she told her love. It was natural that she should want to tell Tony; it was only a shade less natural that she should want to tell Anselm. She meant to inject reality into the last hours of her life: her eight years of marriage with Anselm had been dead perfection, no more; he was a collector, she a collector's piece. Now she was tired of her pedestal. Away it went.

But she recovered, recovered to a very different life: to a husband who knew that she had a lover, and to a lover who was determined to claim a lover's rights. The story is a logical development of this situation: Isobel is virtually deprived of free will, and though the book loses a certain elasticity from being tied to its own thesis, it gains tremendously in unity and in intensity. Isobel, like the allegorical figure in Paul Veronese's picture, looks

over her beautiful shoulder and gives a hand to each of the two men. But she is not framed for inconstancy nor (as Tony discovers) is she framed for love in the sense he understands it. Though he is not a very distinct character, he had in his keeping the whole armoury of love. He was impatient and brutal and tender and adoring, all the things that Anselm (whose relation with his wife was the negative one of giving her as much freedom as possible) was not. But Isobel loathed the physical side of passion. She dreaded her lover's physical ardency as much as she dreaded her husband's emotional frigidity. She was cheated of happiness, and in despair she longed to return to her life as it was before her avowal smashed it.

So the story rests on three supports: its situation, its reflection upon love, and its illustration of a passion that burns brightly but not hotly. A very secure foundation, and thus trebly upheld, it is not surprising that 'There is No Return' carries its slight weight with an easy grace, quite undisturbed by the rapid movements of Princess Bibesco's mind and wit. A brilliant illumination of intellectual fireworks conducts Isobel on her sad journey from one death-bed to another; and yet so skilfully has Princess Bibesco arranged the lighting that it is never incongruous, never a limelight or a footlight. 'There is No Return' is an unforgettable book.

'Oberland' is a complete contrast. Here we find Miriam in her ninth mutation, if mutation it can be called, for the more she changes her locality, the more she stays the same person. Now she is taking a holiday in the Alps, and anyone who has the honour of the slightest acquaintance with her will realize what prodigies of sensation, what intensities of taste, touch, sight and smell, these unfamiliar surroundings evoke in her. The core of Isobel's personality was love, love was its starting-place and its goal. Miriam's inner self is much more difficult to analyse; it is a kind of Recording Angel, as selfless as a self can well be, yet passionately interested in what goes on round it. In 'Oberland' the hotel, the mountains, and the winter-sports afford a surfeit; yet Miriam's amazing capacity for receiving and assimilating impressions never for a moment flags. She is a feminist and a Socialist; her contact with ideas is much more complete than her contact with persons, whom she regards with a supreme, though not a cruel, detachment. Occasionally there is a sign of weakness:

And it was only for a moment she had sunned herself in the triumph of being claimed, forcibly enthroned in the sustaining blue gown upon the red carpeted stairs with the best of the hotel's male guests a little below on each side of her.

Only for a moment did she so sit. Such reflections as these are more characteristic of her:

"He's a landowner," she said, and fell into sadness. . . .
"Absolute property in land," she said to the sunlit snow, "is a crime."

One cannot help liking Miriam as one pursues her, even more breathless than she is herself. She is a kind of eternal caterpillar, always turning over fresh, if not new, leaves, munching, munching the stuff of life. We long for the time when she will enter her chrysalis and emerge a butterfly, but we long in vain: she is too industrious, too sensitive to the claims of this living breathing life to undergo that inglorious suspension of the faculties that precludes apotheosis. In the meantime one cannot be too thankful for her wit, her ingenuity, her complete sincerity. Her style, that curious style, is her own invention and expresses her perfectly. Her imitators have borrowed her instrument for their experiments; in their hands it looks strange and uncouth; with her it is completely at home.

After reading 'Inigo Sandys' I waited impatiently for Miss E. B. C. Jones's next novel.

But 'Helen and Felicia,' though it is full of interesting things, is a disappointment. It has too many characters, and it makes experiments in psychology and hazards guesses at truth which, to my thinking, are wide of the mark. Of the beautiful, if somewhat overcharged and inflamed emotional quality of the earlier book, 'Helen and Felicia' has little; instead, it dabbles in psycho-analysis, and shows its characters intent on reasoning away their likes and dislikes. At the millennium the lion will be seen lying down with the lamb. But even then we doubt whether such relationships as Miss Jones portrays here will be possible or permissible. Felicia is passionately devoted to her elder sister Helen: cannot live without her. Helen marries: Felicia comes to stay: Helen's husband falls in love with her and she, having (apparently) become his mistress, stays on at the house with Helen's approval and consent. No, no, Miss Jones! Surely this is carrying reasonableness too far. 'Helen and Felicia' is a lively, provocative, intelligent book, but it lacks balance and attempts the impossible.

Miss Willa Cather's study of the life of a French Roman Catholic Bishop in Mexico, in the middle of the last century, is written with perfect taste and with perfect command of its subject. It also, unlike many historical novels, conveys a sense of the past: to me the sense of a remoter past, 1750, not 1850. 'Death Comes for the Archbishop' is perhaps more admirable than interesting. It has the air of a biography, not of a novel, and one cannot quite see why Miss Willa Cather wrote it. It bears throughout the impress of a sensitive and distinguished mind: but it does not excite us as the account of a great missionary enterprise ought to do.

OTHER NOVELS

Contrasts. By G. P. Robinson. Duckworth. 7s. 6d.

The contrast is between two generations: a father who believes in himself as a novelist of genius and debates his exact place with respect to Meredith and Kipling, and his two children, a boy and a girl, who are left to make their way in the world. The first part of the story tells of their life in Bruges, before and during the war. Bruges was occupied by the Germans, and Gregory Duncan was finally antagonized by some brutalities of the officer quartered on him. He takes part in Belgian espionage and is finally shot. There is very little of the numerous German activities centred at Bruges in the novel; it is mainly personal. The second part follows the careers that the two young people carve out for themselves in Paris to a happy ending, complicated by the aftermath of the war. A good story.

Wits End. By Stewart Caven. Wishart. 7s. 6d.

A book with a certain amount of skill in writing. It would have been better done by Mr. Clouston on the one hand or by the author of 'The Green Hat' on the other. The central figure is a decadent who is represented as having men friends. He has a mistress, apparently a lady, and has drifted into an engagement to marry another lady. Being spineless, he falls back on the idea of simulating idiocy, and in this condition is taken off to the house of his fiancée's parents, with his mistress as a nurse. He turns out to be a cocaine-taker. We have missed "the genuine problem of the heart," "the exuberantly gay style" and the "fundamental seriousness" of which the publishers speak on the cover of this work.

The Cassiodore Case. By A. Richard Martin. Methuen. 3s. 6d.

Sir Gregory Krapulos Cassiodore was found dead propped up against the railings of Rutland Square, together with a young woman living in the neighbourhood. There is no assignable reason for the murder, and no connexion of any kind between the two victims. Mr. Branders Noble, an extremely unpleasant crime specialist, is called in by the family; Scotland Yard is engaged; and a journalist, Quibble, also engages in the hunt for the murderer. Obviously none of the suspected persons is the real criminal, though things look black for each in turn, but we think the clues to the murderer are too long delayed to give the reader a fair chance.

The Man from Mexico City. By David Whitelaw. Hutchinson. 7s. 6d.

This is a story of an impersonation. Basil Travers meets David Bruce by chance in a Piccadilly bar. Bruce is evidently in deadly fear and gets Travers to go to the railway cloakroom for his luggage as he is afraid of being followed. When Travers returns, Bruce has disappeared and is found dead next morning in the street. But Bruce himself had murdered the real David Bruce Denton in Mexico and had hurried home to claim his inheritance; so Travers, with more or less justification, takes his place. Mr. Whitelaw, with practised skill, makes this justification real to us, and leads his hero through the complications of an attempt at blackmail, a love story, and an attempted abduction to a final confession and forgiveness. It is a well-told story.

SHORTER NOTICES

A Soldier-Diplomat. By Sir Douglas Dawson. Murray. 18s.

SIR DOUGLAS DAWSON has set an excellent example to autobiographers by showing how it is possible to produce a very interesting record without overstepping the bounds of reticence or good taste. What a *succès de scandale* some of our recent diarists might have proudly achieved if they had spent the greater part of the present century in the Royal household! But there is hardly a word on this part of the author's career, though his earlier experiences as military attaché in Vienna and Paris are depicted with a skill which shows that he has both a good memory and a keen eye for character. Perhaps the best chapter is that which describes the famous occasion when the Fuzzy-Wuzzies broke a British square, and Burnaby charged the Dervish hordes as if his single arm could do the work of a whole squadron. No one can read the chapter on the Bevan business without extending sincere sympathy to the author on his unmerited disaster.

Some Authentic Acts of the Early Martyrs. Translated with Notes, etc., by E. C. E. Owen. Oxford: Clarendon Press. 6s.

THIS little book is a translation of thirteen authentic documents of the second and third centuries, describing the martyrdom of some early Christians. They are valuable not only as showing the reasons for the condemnation, but the procedure and in some cases the actual words of the martyrs, the reports of the proceedings taken by official shorthand writers. The introduction is a fine piece of work, examining first the question of authenticity, and passing to a discussion of the causes of the persecutions, the behaviour of Christians as citizens, and their attitude towards martyrdom. The total number of martyrs in the various persecutions of Decius, Valerian, and Diocletian can hardly be estimated. Eusebius, a contemporary of Diocletian, estimates that 10,000 men, besides women and children, perished in Egypt alone. Mr. Owen lays stress on the evangelical character of these documents. They are full of quotations from the New Testament, but certain Catholic beliefs and practices are found. Infant baptism was practised, the Eucharist was celebrated on altars above the martyrs' graves, and their relics were preserved, but there was no invocation of saints or of the Blessed Virgin, and fasting before Communion is mentioned. The translation is excellent, and the notes are full. The book is a notable addition to the literature of devotion.

*The Hunting Tours of Surtees (Creator of *Jorrocks*).* Edited with an introduction by E. D. Cuming. Illustrated. Blackwood. 20s.

IN 1924, it will be remembered, Mr. Cuming sponsored a life of Surtees, 'Robert Smith Surtees'; this is a companion

volume. The tours were taken during three seasons—1829-1832—for the *Sporting Magazine*. Many of them were taken in the Home Counties, where conditions were, of course, not then so inimical to the sport as at present. "Croydon," says Surtees, "is the Melton of London . . . it is the central point for several packs." The shires, however, were the scene of most of the tours. Surtees affected alarm at the accounts of the stiffness of the Warwickshire country. "I had got through," he says, "Rutlandshire, Leicestershire, and the Vale of Belvoir without being either frightened or hurt; but Warwickshire seemed to be quite a different thing." But later he avers: "I should call it anything but a difficult country to cross . . . there are a few brooks and bullfinches that would not disgrace Leicestershire, but they are not of frequent occurrence." While hunting from Leamington he put in a day with "the Squire," Osbaldestone, whose hounds met at Dunchurch. Surtees, very properly, disliked Leamington as a centre: "To gentlemen who like a little hunting, a little flirting, and a little dancing, Leamington is not without its recommendations." The Quorn, the Cottesmore, the Belvoir, the Bicester, the Craven, the V.W.H., the H.H., Lord Fitzwilliam's, and Mr. Ralph Lambton's were visited in turn, in addition to staghounds and harriers. It is all very racy and amusing to read, and pleasantly recalls the easy-going life of the times. The book is illustrated by a number of contemporary prints; it was a mistake to supplement these paintings by Mr. G. D. Armour, which, in themselves attractive, are unsuitable here and do not mix well with the prints. And is Surtees so far forgotten that it is necessary to put "Creator of Jorrocks" on jacket and title-page?

Roumania and Her Rulers. By Mrs. Philip Martineau. Stanley Paul. 10s. 6d.

THOSE readers who like their history retailed in the form of gossip will derive satisfaction from Mrs. Martineau's book. The author has on more than one occasion been admitted as a guest to the Rumanian Royal household, and her services as an expert gardener have been requisitioned. She has therefore enjoyed opportunity to observe at first hand the home life of the late King Ferdinand, Queen Marie and her family. She has utilized that opportunity to the fullest extent. No detail appears to have been too trivial to escape her notice. She even tells us that "people find it very difficult to realize that her hair is all growing on Her Majesty's head," and personally resolves the doubts of those curious sceptics. Elsewhere we are informed that Queen Marie "has the most surprising physical health, and when it was once suggested to her that it was possible that a certain food disagreed with her, she said, 'Nothing disagrees with me. I have a Russian stomach.'" There are other transcripts of the Royal conversation, equally illuminating. Mrs. Martineau is less entertaining when she enters into the higher realms of European diplomacy, and she approaches her subject from a marked pro-Rumanian standpoint. The volume enjoys the advantage of a brief benedictory preface from the Infanta Beatrice of Spain.

Rasputin. By Prince Youssoupoff. Cape. 7s. 6d.

THIS curious little book is announced as "the only authentic account of Rasputin's death," and presumably the publishers are satisfied that it is genuine. It certainly reads as such, though we can recall no precedent for so detailed a narrative of an assassination by the chief actor in it. Prince Youssoupoff gives a convincing account of the circumstances which led him in 1916 to believe that the strange personality of Rasputin was the most "malignant influence" in the entourage of the Tsar, and that devotion to Holy Russia could be better shown in no way than by its removal. His description of the actual assassination is written with a sober and decent gravity which makes it all the more thrilling to read. It is an amazing story, though it may be doubted whether the cyanide of potassium, of which Rasputin swallowed enough to kill twenty men without being seriously incommoded, was really what the conspirators thought. But there was no doubt about the pistol-bullets or the icy waters of the Neva.

Come and Listen. By E. Temple Thurston. Putnams. 7s. 6d.

MR. TEMPLE THURSTON has taken eleven famous stories—from the Bible, from Greek mythology, from history and legend—and ingeniously vulgarized them for the entertainment of very small children. In 'The Man Who Forgot All About Himself,' for example, we are told that Elisha had a donkey, and that "when his donkey was sick, Elisha put him to bed in his own bed and, going into the field, he tied himself up by the leg to the donkey's rope and ate nothing but thistles till the donkey was well again." And Joan of Arc (whose father is referred to throughout Mr. Temple Thurston's version as "Mister Darc") is put into a bonfire by a giant called Fee-fi-fo-fum, and snatched up by Catherine and Margaret to Heaven. "And when they got up into the sky they all sat down on the floor and played tiddley-winks with the stars." It is difficult to understand why Mr. Temple Thurston should have chosen to spoil old tales, when, with no more trouble, he could have invented new ones. Six-year-olds may very possibly enjoy his comic distortions, knowing nothing of their originals; but his degrading of great names is none the less an offence. Playing tiddley-winks with the stars is no fit pastime for a popular novelist.

All About Animals. By Lilian Gask. Harrap. 7s. 6d.

THE photographs illustrating this book, which is intended for children, are excellent. There are some two hundred of them, and all are cleverly posed and remarkably clear. One must regret that the animals are shown in captivity and not in natural surroundings. Miss Gask has written a short account of each animal, giving a description of the species and its natural life, and, usually, some story or anecdote illustrating its character. Whether children enjoy the kind of facetiousness affected by those who fancy that they must be "written down to" is questionable: Miss Gask evidently thinks instruction is thereby made palatable. The book is well arranged and well indexed.

The Elements of Book-Collecting. By I. A. Williams. Elkin Matthews and Marrot. 8s. 6d.

ONE slips into book-collecting insensibly as a rule; very few of us are properly entered to the sport by family tradition or early education, and it is only when we have made some little progress that we begin to find that there is a good deal to learn about it. Mr. Williams will be a friend and mentor at this stage. His book may be divided into a first part describing how to examine a book and see whether it is perfect and how to describe it, and a second part giving advice and information to would-be collectors. One piece of advice cannot be too strongly emphasized—never buy an imperfect book (except as a working copy). We remember a case where a large library of *incunabula* was sold at derisory prices owing to the fact that many of the books wanted blank leaves, etc. Mr. Williams has a few words on "The Ring." We would add that no book, even in a London auction, can be trusted to fetch a fair price unless a reserve has been placed on it, which should be at least two-thirds of what was originally paid for it. The author gives us also some good advice on the purchase of modern first editions which amounts to that of *Punch* to those about to marry—that is if you are buying to make a profit. Mr. Williams follows the example of the "Nuremberg Chronicle" by leaving some blank pages at the end. It will be remembered that the Chronicle left four folio leaves blank to receive notes of all further events up to the end of the world.

The Confession of the Kibbo Kift. By John Hargrave. Duckworth. 7s. 6d.

MR. HARGRAVE is a novelist of considerable ability, and we are not quite sure whether his latest book is to be taken as fact or fiction. We should be rather inclined to class it with "News from Nowhere," were it not for the fact that the Kindred of the Kibbo Kift are alleged to possess a monogram—BM/KIFT—an account at the Midland Bank, and a Chief Scribe, who gives his *imprimatur* to this interesting "declaration and general exposition of the work of the Kindred." Mr. Hargrave informs us that the nucleus of the Kindred was formed in 1920 out of "the moribund Scout organization." In the first two parts of this volume the social and economic ideals of the Kindred are set forth with vigour and clearness. Apparently the numbers of the Kin are not yet large enough for them to have made the serious impression on the world which it is their aim to achieve. The third part is a very fascinating prose poem, which makes us eager to meet the New Nomads who have inspired it. Whether it be fiction or fact, Mr. Hargrave's book is well worth reading and meditating over.

THE DECEMBER MAGAZINES

The *Fortnightly* for December opens with a paper by Sir A. Conan Doyle on the posthumous writing of three famous authors, Dickens, Wilde and Jack London. Wilde is the easiest to copy, and the extracts given are nearest his style, London is more disparate in matter, and the Dickens is poorish. A healthy scepticism will find weak points in the argument for their authenticity. Mr. Priestley reviews the work of Mr. Hugh Walpole as a novelist: we agree, with reservations, to his criticism, but cannot admit that the architecture of 'The Secret City' is a failure: the story has to present the effect of the confused Russian life on young Bohun. Mr. Metta's view of 'The Renaissance in India' involves a condemnation of the whole policy of English education there: Mr. Denis Gwynn writes a character sketch of President Cosgrave; Mr. Clowesley Brereton on 'The Problem of the Rural School' makes a number of useful suggestions from his experience of teachers and teaching.

The *Nineteenth Century* contains an interesting paper by Mr. Tilby on the increase of public wealth as shown by the list of wills in the *Times* for the last thirty years, and the decrease in philanthropic legacies. Mr. Macdougall tells the story of the spread of Communism among Scottish coalminers. Three papers touch on matters connected with Prayer Book Revision. Miss Edith Sellers explains how working women are driven into the hands of the revolutionists by the display of criminal luxury. Mr. Disher begins an account of 'The Equestrian Drama' connected in our minds with the name of Astley's; Mr. Thomas Burke revives the memory of De Quincey's Mr. Williams; Sir Francis Younghusband believes that from 'Life in the Stars' came the first determining impulse to the evolutionary process on earth.

The *London Mercury* deals in its Editorial Notes with the Greville Diary, the New Coinage, Stonehenge and the Surrey Commons, Oxford, the Films, and the Abbey. Among the poems are three sonnets by Everest Lewin, of which the second is a striking travesty of sonnet form, and a macaronic sonnet by Mrs. E. G. Salter which is not macaronic but a cento. There is a rather poor story by Mr. F. M. Ford, schoolboy reminiscences of butterfly collecting by Mr. G. R. Hamilton and Serge Aksakoff, and a plea by Dame Ethel Smyth for a non-grand English Opera House. Mr. Alston reviews Col. Grant's book on 'The Old English Landscape Painters,' and Mr. Edmund Blunden M. Aubry's 'Life and Letters of Joseph Conrad.' The Chronicle of Music and the Reviews of Poetry, Fiction, Literary History, Natural History are the best things in the number.

The *Criterion* prints some pages of Mr. Arnold Bennett's diary during a first visit to Florence in 1910. Mr. Dobree describes the reaction of the younger generation to the verse and prose of Mr. Rudyard Kipling, and examines the springs of his activity. Mr. D. H. Lawrence continues his delightful appreciation of 'Flowery Tuscany,' and Mr. Middleton Murry, in 'Concerning Intelligence,' answers such of the criticisms of his opponents as have not cancelled themselves out. The 'German Chronicle' deals with Stefan George and his aims in poetry; the 'Foreign Periodicals' are American. Some letters of protest and some striking reviews are to be noted.

The *National Review* in its Episodes deals with Sir William Robertson and Imperial Defence, the 'Pilgrims' and the U.S.A., Conservatism, Economy, and the 'Deposited Book.' Sir H. Pollock criticizes the feebleness of 'British Policy in China'; Mr. Temperley takes up the oft-repeated tale of Mr. Lloyd George's inaccuracy—this time as Historian of the Peace Treaties. Coal-Distillation is the theme of Colonel Vaughan-Morgan, Monte Carlo of Mr. Charles Kingston, Sweden of Colonel Craig. Mr. Sheffield considers the Papacy is losing ground on the whole.

The *English Review* opens with a lively attack by Mr. Remnant on any further extension of the franchise. 'Pat' shows the danger of the banking system the Irish Free State has adopted; Mr. Noppen states 'The Problem of Westminster Abbey'; and Dr. Booth, in 'The Myth of Modern Woman,' argues against the whole trend of modern female education. The fiction by Miss Dorothy Johnson and Mrs. Wright is noteworthy.

The *New Adelphi* treats doubly of the question of Intelligence and Faith, first by the Editor and then by M. de Gaultier. Mr. Tracy writes on the use of good English; Mr. Cornford continues his papers on 'Psychology and the Drama' by a study of Tragedy. Three unfinished sketches of children by Katharine Mansfield display her powers of sympathy and insight. The Notes on Shakespeare deal with the influence of his public on the dramatist. The reviews deal with Spenglerism, Beethoven, Poet's People, Literature, Fiction, etc. The Editorial Notes also discuss the meaning and end of Protestantism.

Foreign Affairs gives a view of Hindu-Muslim antagonism by Sir J. Maynard, a criticism of 'The Statutory Commission on India' by Mr. Stanwick from the point of view of an Indian Nationalist, a eulogy of Miss Gertrude Bell by Mrs. H. W. Nevinson, a criticism of Fascist Finance, a defence of the Latin Anti-Imperialist movement, and other papers.

The *World To-day* gives Mr. Bennett's views on criticizing America, followed by a review of its twenty-five years' career. 'The Confessions of a Zeppelin Raider' continue to give some details of their scheme for bomb-dropping and of their difficulties. Capt. Sheppard argues for tanks, and Mr. Huntly Carter describes, with ample illustrations, the Modernist movement in continental theatres, while Mr. C. Maugham gives an account of 'Lloyd's.' Other papers describe parties in China and the career of Mr. Carnegie.

NEW BOOKS AT A GLANCE

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY

THE PERSONAL HISTORY OF WALMER CASTLE AND ITS LORDS WARDEN. By the Marquess Curzon of Kedleston. Edited by Stephen Gwynn. Macmillan. 28s.

Lord Curzon took the deepest interest in Walmer Castle and its Lords Warden, made numerous gifts to the State collection in the Castle, and intended to write a complete history. He was able, by drawing on much material previously unused, to bring the history down to the Wardenship of the Duke of Wellington, and bequeathed his plans and papers to the Lord Warden for the time being, on condition of completing the task.

RHODES: A LIFE. By J. G. McDonald. Allan. 21s.

The author was a personal friend of Rhodes, and it is claimed that he here reveals aspects of the statesman and man imperfectly exhibited in other biographies.

NAPOLEON AND HIS FAMILY. By Walter Geer. CORSIKA-MADRID. 1769-1809. New York: Brentano. \$5.00.

The author has concentrated his studies on the physical heritage of Napoleon and on the influence exercised over him by his family. "It may be said that the downfall of Napoleon was mainly due to the members of his family." Mr. Geer is already known to students of the Revolution and of Napoleon's private life.

MEMORIES. By the Archbishop of Wales. Murray. 12s.

HISTORY OF THE 53RD (WELSH) DIVISION. 1914-1918. By Major C. H. Dudley Ward. Cardiff: Western Mail. 12s. 6d. post free.

JOHN BUNYAN. By R. H. Coats. Student Christian Movement. 4s. and 2s. 6d.

ESSAYS AND BELLES-LETTRES

POSSIBLE WORLDS AND OTHER ESSAYS. By J. B. S. Haldane. Chatto and Windus. 7s. 6d.

'Darwinism To-day,' 'Cancer Research,' 'The Future of Biology,' 'Science and Theology as Art Forms,' are among the subjects of a series of essays designed to tell the average man what is happening in the laboratories.

R. L. STEVENSON AND THE BRIDGE OF ALLAN WITH OTHER STEVENSON ESSAYS. By J. A. MacCulloch. Glasgow: Smith. 5s.

ARCHIMEDES OR THE FUTURE OF PHYSICS. By L. L. Whyte. Kegan Paul. 2s. 6d.

SAFETY LAST. By Basil Graham Bourchier. Chapman and Hall. 5s.

VERSE AND DRAMA

POETICAL SKETCHES. By William Blake. With an Essay on Blake's Metric by Jack Lindsay. The Scholartis Press. 9s.

A finely printed and altogether well-produced reprint, at a moderate price.

PROMETHEUS IN PICCADILLY. By Wallace B. Nichols. Ward, Lock. 6s.

The author of 'Jericho Street,' 'Earl Simon' and other works here supposes Prometheus, newly unbound, to be the spectator through a whole day of life in Piccadilly Circus. As an exercise in the old, spacious manner it is certainly unusual.

THE GOOD CHILD'S YEAR BOOK. By Violet Jacob. Foulis. 5s. Verses and coloured drawings from the same well-known hand.

BLUE AND GREY. By John Alexander Chapman. Oxford: Blackwell. 4s. 6d.

LYRICAL POEMS. By John Alexander Chapman. Published by the Author. Calcutta.

PLAYS FOR THE PEOPLE: SIR GEORGE AND THE DRAGON: THE ODOUR OF SANCTITY. By Stephen Schofield. The Labour Publishing Company. 1s. each.

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UNKNOWN SOMERSET. By Donald Maxwell. The Bodley Head. 15s.

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SPORT AND TRAVEL IN THE HIGHLANDS OF TIBET. By Sir Henry Hayden and César Cosson. Cobden-Sanderson. 21s.

By a distinguished Anglo-Indian geologist and the Alpine guide who accompanied him into Tibet. There is more of travel than of sport in the volume, portions of which add appreciably to our topographical and geological knowledge of the country.

A NOMAD IN NORTH AMERICA. By "Ben Assher." Holden. 12s. 6d.

THE SCIENCES

THE NATURE OF EXISTENCE. By J. M. E. McTaggart. Volume II. Edited by C. D. Broad. Cambridge University Press. 30s.

Edited by Dr. Broad in accordance with the wishes of the late Dr. McTaggart. The first volume was published in 1921.

EMERGENT EVOLUTION AND THE SOCIAL. By William Morton Wheeler. Kegan Paul. 2s. 6d.

MAN A MACHINE. By Joseph Needham. Kegan Paul. 2s. 6d.

TRANSLATIONS

PLAYS OF MOLNAR. By Franz Molnar. Translated by Benjamin F. Glazer. Jarrolds. 12s. 6d.

"Liliom," "Husbands and Lovers," "Fashions for Men," "The Swan": a tragedy; a series of dialogues on certain phases of Viennese life; a broad satire; and a comedy.

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THE BRADENHAM EDITION OF THE NOVELS AND TALES OF BENJAMIN DISRAELI. Vol. XII. ENDYMON AND FALCONET. Davies. 10s. 6d.

A NEW ELECTRONIC THEORY OF LIFE. By O. C. J. G. L. Overbeck. Published by the Author. Grimsby. 6s.

FICTION

SILVER NUTMEGS. By Vernon Knowles. Holden. 7s. 6d.

By a writer who in 'Here and Elsewhere' showed, as we remarked at the time, a remarkable skill in the writing of fantastic short stories.

ARACHNE. By Eden Phillpotts. Faber and Gwyer. 6s.

JOSIE VINE. By M. F. Perham. Hutchinson. 7s. 6d.

"AND IF YOU DON'T. . . ." By Edward Jacomb. Selwyn and Blount. 7s. 6d.

THE WHITE VILLA AT DINARD. By Gerard Shelley. Gay and Hancock. 7s. 6d.

MISCELLANEOUS

THE BORDER. By Brigadier-General William Sitwell. Newcastle-on-Tyne: Reid. 10s.

The Border studied from a military point of view, with records of fighting and interesting topographical sketches.

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THE LURE OF THE COUNTRYSIDE. By William Coles Finch. Daniel. 21s.

THE HEART OF A BIRD. By Anthony Collett. Nisbet. 10s. 6d.

THE OFFICIAL YEAR-BOOK OF THE NATIONAL ASSEMBLY OF THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND, 1928. The Church Assembly and the S.P.C.K. 3s. 6d.

THE HOUSE OF WONDER. By E. M. S. Rider. 3s. 6d.

CLAPHAM AND THE CLAPHAM SECT. Clapham: Baldwin, for the Clapham Antiquarian Society. 7s. 6d.

THE A B C OF FOREIGN EXCHANGES. By George Clare and Norman Crump. Macmillan. 4s. 6d.

LE VERTUÉUX CONDOTTIERE. Par Robert de la Sizeranne. Librairie Hachette. 25 fr.

ACROSTICS

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For the Acrostic Competition there is a weekly prize:—A Book (selected by the competitor) reviewed in that issue of the SATURDAY REVIEW in which the problem was set, presented by the publisher.

RULES

1. The price of the book chosen must not exceed a guinea; it must be named by the solver when he sends his solution, and be published by a firm whose name appears on the list printed on the Competition Coupon.

2. The coupon for the week must be enclosed.

3. Envelopes must be marked "Competition," and addressed to the Acrostic Editor, SATURDAY REVIEW, 9 King Street, London, W.C.2.

Competitors not complying with these Rules will be disqualified.

Under penalty of disqualification, competitors must intimate their choice of books when sending solutions, which must reach us not later than the Thursday following the date of publication.

Award of Prizes.—When solutions are of equal merit, the result will be decided by lot.

To avoid the same book being chosen twice, books mentioned in 'New Books at a Glance' (which, in many instances, are reviewed at length in a subsequent issue of the paper) are not eligible as prizes.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC No. 299

TWO BIRDS: ONE LARGE AND NOISY, ONE NIGHT MUTE; BOTH INSECT-EATERS: NEITHER TOUCHES FRUIT.

1. "Descends in thunder?" Yes, sir; all must go.
2. Him can we hope to? He's a wily foe!
3. A light that's darkness,—difficult to see.
4. From death let comfort separated be!
5. By quackery vaunted, seldom cheaply sold.
6. Befell Don Quixote in the days of old.
7. A warlike horseman of the East curtail.
8. 'Not even in this should the batrachians fail.'
9. Characteristic of the pioneer.
10. By bargain-hunters rarely reckoned dear.

Solution of Acrostic No. 297

J	u	Jube
IO		On
H	oang-	Ho
N	eptu	Ne
D	eviou	S
R	aptur	E
Y	oke	L
D	ecide	D
E	xpens	E
N	ecessaria	N

ACROSTIC No. 297.—The winner is Sir C. Des Graz, The Firs, Copse Hill, Wimbledon, S.W.20, who has selected as his prize 'Flamingo,' by Mary Borden, published by Heinemann and reviewed in our columns on November 26 under the title 'New Fiction.' Eleven other competitors named this book, sixteen chose 'Seaways and Sea Trade,' ten Amundsen's 'Life as an Explorer,' nine 'Henry Hudson,' etc., etc.

ALSO CORRECT.—A. de V. Blathwayt, Mrs. Rosa H. Boothroyd, Carlton, Chailey, Clam, Dolmar, Sir Reginald Egerton, Cyril E. Ford, Iago, Kirkton, Madge, Margaret, Martha, Oakapple, Quis, Sisyphus, Sparrow, C. J. Warden.

ONE LIGHT WRONG.—Armadale, Barberly, Miss Carter, Ceyz, J. Chambers, A. R. N. Cowper-Coles, Maud Crowther, Dhuall, Reginald P. Eccles, C. Ellis, Estela, G. M. Fowler, Gay, J. B. Jeff, John Lennie, Lilian, Mrs. A. Lole, H. de R. Morgan, N. O. Sellam, Peter, Shorwell, Stucco, Twyford, Capt. W. R. Wolseley, Yendu.

TWO LIGHTS WRONG.—A. E., Anthony George, Ape, Boskerris, H. Braund, Mrs. Robt. Brown, Buns, Mrs. J. Butler, Ruth Carrick, C. C. J., Chip, Crayke, J. R. Cripps, D. L., Farsdon, Glamis, Hanworth, Mrs. I. E. Lockhart, Longlegs, A. M. W. Maxwell, Met, Miss Moore, Parvus, Pooh, Pussy, Rand, Red Cot, St. Ives, Hon. R. G. Talbot, Tyro. All others more.

ACROSTIC No. 296.—CORRECT: Jop. ONE LIGHT WRONG: H. C. W.

ACROSTIC No. 295.—Two Lights wrong: Lady Mottram.

C. J. WARDEN.—Dodge seems preferable: it has only one meaning—a trick or artifice. Device has four or five different meanings.

G. W. MILLER.—Marriage is notoriously a lottery. I could only feel sure that if the lady had wedded Edwin she would have ceased to be a miss.

J. B.—In my copy of 'Pickwick' it is Chapter 37. The passage runs: "A select company of the Bath footmen presents their compliments to Mr. Weller, and requests the pleasure of his company this evening, to a friendly swarry, consisting of a boiled leg of mutton with the usual trimmings. The swarry to be on table at half-past nine o'clock punctually."

ESTELA.—(1) A Jew who has become a Christian is no longer a Jew. (2) The Defeat of one side implies the victory of the other, and in that way Defeat may lead to power and glory, so that Disarmament seems much better.

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MOTORING

By H. THORNTON RUTTER

SPORTING motorists will be glad to learn that there is every possibility of a road race being organized for motor-cars in Northern Ireland next year. Road races are supposed to help the export trade, improving certain qualities of the machine: reliability, stoutness of construction, acceleration, efficiency of brakes and accuracy of the steering controls, all of which give confidence to buyers overseas. French motor manufacturers have always considered that road racing demonstrates their wares to a wider public than their own nationals, and next year the French Grand Prix will be run on the road on July 1, thus reverting to the original practice, instead of using motor-dromes or racing tracks. It is said that Toulouse will be the scene for this classic event, but so important are these motor road-racing events in bringing trade to the district in which they are held that various towns and cities in France are bidding against each other for the privilege. Besides the Grand Prix of the Automobile Club de France, there will also be a race under a limited fuel allowance for the cup given by the Commission Sportive, the racing committee of the French Club. In this latter event, it is expected that eleven kilograms, that is, twenty-four pounds weight of petrol and oil, will be allowed per car, per hundred kilometres (62½ miles) of the distance to be covered, and the full course will be about three hundred miles. The international racing rules, which control all these events, require a minimum weight of the racing machine of ten hundredweights, ninety-two pounds, and a maximum weight of fifteen hundredweights, seventeen pounds. This opens the question to the designer whether it is better

to compete with an eleven hundred c.c., a fifteen hundred c.c., or two thousand c.c. power unit, as it is quite possible to design suitable cars within the limits of the weights mentioned.

* * *

It is expected that single-seated racing cars will compete, and that supercharged engines will prevail. Many private owners would also like to see the new varieties of free-wheeling devices tested in a race such as this, both in the event which is hoped to take place in Ulster and in the continental international races. These are the mechanical features which are at present being considered by the automobile engineer to improve the present standard machines on the road. Free-wheeling certainly improved the ordinary touring push bicycle. At the moment, opinions are divided as to whether it will improve the ordinary standard car, as what may be gained in making gear changing easier may be lost in other directions: it certainly puts more work upon the brakes. Economy in running is claimed for free-wheeling devices, inasmuch as the engine is constantly being overrun by the momentum of the car, and so does not require as much fuel to propel it. Whether the amount saved is worth considering is another question while the cost of petrol remains at present rates. Ease in changing gear, however, is a matter which appeals to most amateur drivers, especially women, who imagine when they clash their gears they are doing greater damage than is very often actually the case. If, however, the free-wheeling device is generally adopted, every driver will have to learn to adapt his driving methods to its principles, as, in order to make silent changes, with free-wheel gears, the car must always overrun the engine whether changing up or down to a lower or higher ratio.

BENTLEY

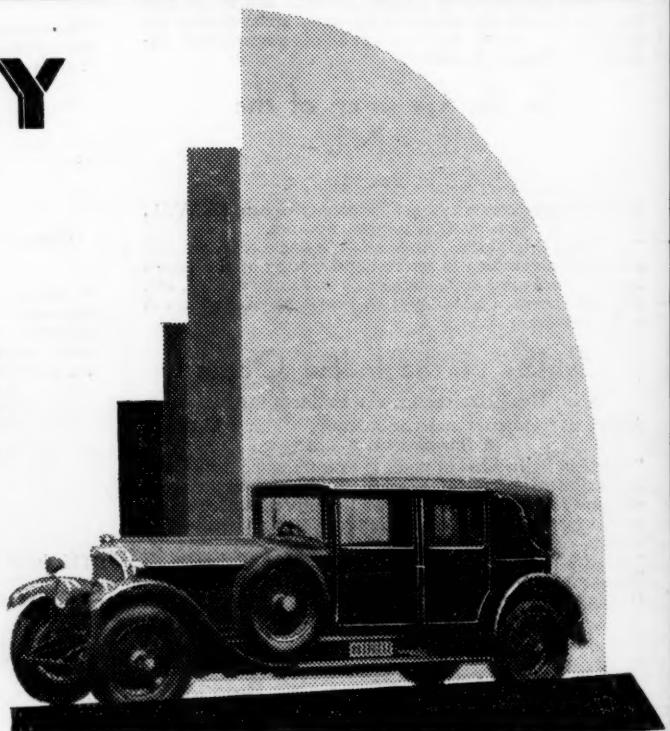


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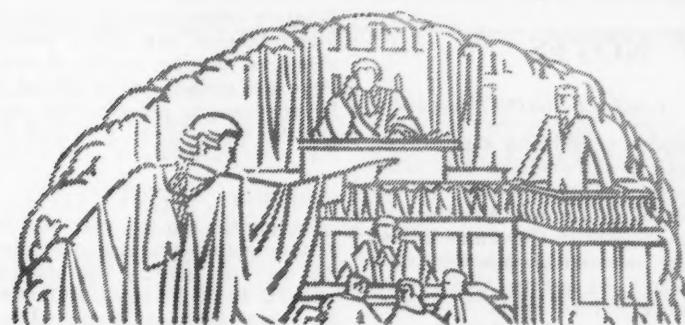


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CITY NOTES

Lombard Street, Thursday

NOT for a considerable period has a gilt-edged market issue proved as successful as that made by Palestine last week. The reason for its success, however, is not difficult to find: it was the fact that it was guaranteed by the British Government, and issued at a price which compared favourably with existing Government issues. At a time when every effort is needed to improve British credit, as represented by Government issues, the policy that prompts the issue of a 5% stock guaranteed by the British Government at 100*£* seems open to grave criticism. I have frequently ventilated this question in these notes.

The authorities appear to think that the only possibilities of economy lie in the direction of the Civil Service. Surely there are other, and more important directions, in which it can be exercised? To give but one example, something could be done to reduce the amount annually required for the service of the National Debt. An issue such as the Palestine one is diametrically opposed to this policy, and makes the Chancellor's task more difficult every time it is pursued.

On November 6 I dealt, in these notes, with a policy of issuing Premium Bonds. The suggestion put forward was that Bonds should be issued at par, redeemable in twenty years at par, carrying interest at the rate of 2½%, while a further 1% should be devoted annually to drawing £100 Bonds at a premium ranging from £100 to £50,000. I repeat this suggestion to-day because a certain amount of attention is again being paid to this question, the only hostile criticism so far offered being that such a scheme would encourage gambling; an argument which I would reply to by stating that it would be much more likely to encourage thrift.

ANGLO-PORTUGUESE TELEPHONES

Attention is drawn to the £1 Ordinary shares of the Anglo-Portuguese Telephone Company Limited. Recently a substantial interest in the Company has been acquired by a group thoroughly experienced in the management of telephone properties. This group have shown their confidence in the future of the Company by subscribing for 100,000 A Ordinary shares of £1 each, which do not rank for dividend until after the Ordinary shares now recommended have received 8%.

MORKWA DIAMONDS

A month ago reference was made in these notes to the shares of the Morkwa Diamond Company. This was referred to as a speculation pure and simple, but a promising one. Recent private advices from West Africa denote that the Company has acquired some extremely rich diamond-bearing areas. Those, therefore, who indulged in this speculation should retain their shares, which, in the course of the next few months—or may be weeks—should register a further very substantial rise.

RUSSO-ASIATIC

Despite its name the Russo-Asiatic Consolidated Co. is now confining its interests to countries other than Russia. It may be remembered that the nominal value of the shares of this Company were written down to 2s. 6d., and its present issued capital amounts to £2,096,907. The Company's claim against Russia amounts to no less than fifty-eight million, the whole of which has been written off in the Company's balance-sheet. As this debt represents one-third of Britain's total claim against Russia, and as the Russo-

Asiatic's other assets in France and in the Mount Isa Mines Limited, are said to justify the present price of about 3s. for the 2s. 6d. shares, it will be seen that there are possibilities in the future for this Company. In any case the present price represents merely option money.

CARRERAS

During the last few years one has grown accustomed to anticipating amazing profits from Carreras Limited, the firm of tobacco manufacturers which owes its property to the genius of its founder and present chairman, Mr. Bernard Baron. The report for the year ending October 31 last shows that the net profit amounts to not less than £1,258,847. The growth of this amazing business can be appreciated when it is noticed that for the year 1922 the profits did not exceed £100,000. In addition to a final dividend, bringing the total for the year up to 50%, shareholders are to be given the right to subscribe for two new "B" 2s. 6d. shares at 10s. each. These "B" shares will prove very popular when dealings in them start.

BWANA M'KUBWA

In view of the considerable uneasiness which has been caused of late owing to the fall in the price of the shares of the Bwana M'Kubwa copper mining Company, one had hoped that the annual report would have dealt exhaustively with the position. The document is now available and contains very little information. Shareholders will, therefore, have to possess themselves in patience until December 12, when the meeting is held, and when it is hoped that the chairman, Sir Edmund Davis, will deal very fully with the position.

RUMANIAN CONSOLS

It has been officially stated that the Rumanian Government have begun purchases for the Sinking Fund in connexion with the Rumanian 4% Consolidated Loan 1922. The amount issued and outstanding of this loan is about £32,500,000. Under the terms of the General Bond, a half-yearly payment of slightly over 2½% is to be made by the Government, of which, in the first half year, 2% is for interest, and slightly over ½% for Sinking Fund purchases. In the following year, all interest saving is added to the Sinking Fund purchases. Bonds are to be purchased in the Market below par, or drawn at par, if they cannot be purchased below that figure. For the present half year, ending April, 1928, a sum of £162,500 will have to be employed in purchases, and in the subsequent half years, similar sums, plus interest saving, will be available. As the Bonds are quoted at about 43%, it may be assumed that, before the end of 1928, Bonds to the amount of at least £900,000 nominal will be taken off the market, representing three half-yearly Sinking Fund purchases. It is unnecessary to point out that the effect of these purchases must make itself felt, and that a gradual and constant rise of these Bonds may be confidently anticipated. At the present price of about 43, the flat yield is £9 6s. per cent., while the redemption yield is well over 10%, assuming that all Bonds would be redeemed at par; as, however, in the first years of the Sinking Fund purchases, Bonds will be redeemed substantially below par, the life of the Bonds will be considerably shortened, and the redemption yield works out much higher than the above-stated figure. There is naturally an element of speculation in these Bonds, otherwise the high yield they show would not be obtainable. In this case the speculative element is supplied by the possibility of political disturbances. At the same time I think that the risk of such happenings disturbing the interest and Sinking Fund operations on these Bonds is not considerable.

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- (2) The minimum Royalty Rent of the Leasehold property at Pitstone is £650 per annum, which merges into a Royalty of only sixpence per ton of Lime or Cement manufactured.
- (3) The Company will be producing Lime and Road Materials at Coleford from the date of completion of the purchase.
- (4) The properties to be acquired by the Company are valued by Messrs. Fuller, Horsey, Sons & Cassell at £70,700.
- (5) By the end of 1928 it is anticipated that a net profit of at least £35,000 will be earned and when the works are in full operation the estimated annual net profit will be not less than £160,000.
- (6) There are no existing Debentures, Mortgages or other charges.

Prospectuses are now obtainable from the Company's Bankers, National Provincial Bank Limited, Head Office, 15, Bishopsgate, London, E.C.2, and Branches; North of Scotland Bank Limited, Glasgow, Aberdeen, Edinburgh, London and Branches; from the Brokers to the Issue, R. W. Eaton & Co., 4, Tokenhouse Buildings, London, E.C.2; Watson & Swaine, 5, Copthall Buildings, London, E.C.2; Moffat Wilson & Son, Yorkshire Chambers, 3, College Green, Dublin; Lawson & Ormrod, Stock Exchange Buildings, 4, Norfolk Street, Manchester; Albert E. Bartlett & Co., Shannon Court, Corn Street, Bristol; and from the OFFICES OF THE ISSUING HOUSE, SCOTTISH FINANCE COMPANY, Ltd., 166 BUCHANAN STREET, GLASGOW, C.1, and 3, LONDON WALL BUILDINGS, LONDON, E.C.2.

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Company Meeting

BRITISH CEMENT PRODUCTS AND FINANCE CO., LTD.

A GOOD START

The ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING of British Cement Products and Finance Company, Limited, was held on December 6 at Winchester House, Old Broad Street, E.C., Mr. H. S. Horne (Chairman of the Company) presiding.

The Chairman, in moving the adoption of the report and accounts, said the total profit from the first year's operations amounted to £124,753, a highly satisfactory figure when it was taken into consideration that it had been arrived at after writing down to nominal values holdings which represented interests regarded by the board as in an embryo state. It was proposed to declare a dividend of 15 per cent. on the ordinary shares, plus a bonus of 1s. per share, with a dividend of 95 per cent. and a bonus of 11.4d.—a further 95 per cent.—on the deferred shares, leaving £14,780 to be carried forward.

That was a satisfactory start which had justified the creation of the British Cement Products and Finance Company. Shareholders might quite naturally ask whether the profits made last year were exceptional. If the directors had not considered it advisable to have the company's none too large capital more or less free, and without involving too long a tie-up in any one particular interest, the profits would have been even greater. Foundations had been laid and important connexions cemented that enabled him to assure the meeting that they could look forward with confidence to the current year. Various of the company's interests were consolidating, and the businesses in hand were all of a promising nature.

STRONG CASH POSITION

In conformity with the board's policy, the cash position was very strong, and in that connexion hardly a day passed when one did not fail to appreciate the great value of possessing a large cash balance; it was not always advisable to make a public issue simultaneously with the acquisition of a business, but to follow that course implied ample cash resources, and to-day in industry and finance one could not be too strong financially. With the various interests with which the Company had become identified, here and abroad, a number of opportunities were provided for the profitable employment of funds, and in view of attractive future business participations, the directors had decided to ask the sanction of the shareholders to increase the authorised capital of the Company from £200,000 to £500,000, comprised of £475,000 ordinary £1 shares and £25,000 deferred shares. It was proposed to issue 95,000 ordinary fully-paid shares at 30s. and 100,000 deferred shares at 10s., giving ordinary shareholders the right to apply for one new share for every two, and deferred shareholders the right to apply for one deferred share for every two held.

That, while giving the shareholders a substantial bonus and providing the Company with an additional £192,500 of working capital, would only increase the actual nominal capital by £100,000. The board, as on the occasion of the last issue, were equally confident that they could see their way to employ those additional funds in a sound and profitable manner; shareholders who availed themselves of their rights to subscribe would not regret so doing.

The particular negotiations to which reference was made in the report had been concluded satisfactorily to all parties concerned. In conformity with part of the board's programme of identifying the Company with undertakings engaged in the business of manufacturing cement and concerns allied to that industry, the Company, after exhaustive investigation, had acquired the merchant builders and distributors' business of Messrs. Wiggins and Co., Hammersmith, a business founded in 1860 and conducted since then on the soundest and most conservative lines. That concern undoubtedly held a unique position in their special line of business, and possessed a large body of high-class customers—a most important and valuable asset. The board had satisfied themselves as to the vital factor that the plant and equipment had been kept in a high state of efficiency. Certain of the products produced by the firm were so firmly established in their outstanding qualities that there would be no difficulty in disposing of a far larger output if at any time it was considered advisable to increase production, and with the provision of additional funds the directors were confident that the business offered unusual prospects of sound expansion, and of seeing the first year's profits of Messrs. Wiggins and Co. as a public company exceed the previous highest one of £31,342 when it was run as a private undertaking.

As to the progress of the other concerns in which the Company was interested, he was glad to inform them that the business of Greaves, Bull and Lakin, acquired by them, had more than justified the confidence expressed when the issues were made. Sales figures for the first six months constituted a record in the 100 years' history of the firm, while the estimates of anticipated savings had been generously exceeded. Mr. J. T. Phelan, the able production director, was, moreover, hopeful of effecting even more striking savings and improvements when all the new additional plant was installed. The other cement undertakings in which they were interested were also exceeding expectations, as also other different interests acquired during the period covered by the accounts.

The report and accounts were adopted.

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